# THE FALSE FAVOURIT DISGRAC'D.

And, the

## *REWARD of LOYALTY.*

A

## Tragi-Comedy,

Never Acted.

George Gerbier D'Ouvilly

*LONDON*,

Printed by *Wil. Wilson*, for *Robert Crofts*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Crown* in *Chancery lane*, under *Sergeants Inne*. 1657.

# The Scene, *Florence.*

## *The Perſons.*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Duke* | Duke of *Florence.* |
| *Sicanio,* | Prince of *Sicilie.* |
| *Sebaſtiano,* | Couſen to the Duke. |
| *Hippolito,* | Favourit to the Duke, and in love with *Lucebella.* |
| *Pauſanio,* | The Exile, and father to *Martiano* and *Lucebella.* |
| *Martiano.* | |
| *Auſonius,* | Friend to *Martiano.* |
| *Honorio,* | A ſtayed Lord, loving *Roſania.* |
| *Leontinus,* | A Commander under *Sicanio.* |
| *Fumante,* | A Creature of *Hippolito's.* |
| *Vatinius,* | Pretender to *Roſania.* |
| *Carlo,* | Servant to *Fumante.* |
| *Jacamo,* | Servant to *Vatinius.* |

*Souldiers, Citizens, Page, Attendants, &c.*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Julia,* | Siſter to the Duke. |
| *Lucebella,* | Her Aſſociate. |
| *Roſania,* | A Lady attending the Princeſs. |
| *Dianetta,* | Another Lady, and Compa ion to *Lucebella.* |

An old *Crone.*

208544

# *The false Favourit*

# DISGRACD.

## AND,

# The Reward of Loyalty.

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### Actus primus. Scena prima.

*Enter Duke, Julia, Rosania, Hippolyto, with Attendants, and Flourish.*

*Duk.* We'l hear no more in his defence:
Did not our cousen's speedy flight upon
His banishment, confirm both guilty?

*Hip.* Your pardon, I have done.

*Iul.* Yet (gratious Sir)——

*Duk.* Sister, desist from the renovation of
our vain petition, formerly deny'd,
or many weighty reasons, still retaining

Their necessary virtue; and employ
Your urgent prayers for somewhat, that may win
Our free consent, yet not detract from justice:
And, what our power can give, be confident
You may command. But, for *Pausanio*'s doom,
It was decreed irrevocable; then
Presse not our resolution for remission.
But with his punishment, behold his crime,
And you will find Justice, when't sentenc'd him,
Was more then mercifull, our stricter Lawes
Exacting life, whose rigour we appeas'd
With gentler banishment. Let it suffice,
That your quotidian intercession hath
Mov'd us to such a mercy, as the most
Will rather censure partiality,
(His ill is known so well). And by your fair
Perswasions, do not seek in the worlds eye,
To make us impious. Our transmarine friends,
(The still admirers of our purer Lawes,)
Do not more seek for peace, then desire us
A precedent for their perverted justice,
Whose bright sword w'have so continued from
Th'infectious rust of innovation; and must do so.
Therefore (vertuous sister)
Presse it no farther. Fate, in its decree,
Is not more fix'd, more resolute than we.

*Iul.* I have taught my busie tongue an obedient silence;

Yet;

Yet, were your eyes ſpectatours of thoſe tears,
Thoſe tear-begetting tears, my ſad-ſweet friend
Hourly paies her fathers memory,
'Twould mollifie your heart, (thought on't doth mine) [*weeps*
Were your kind ears th'attentive auditors
Of her faint ſighes, and you not ecchо them,
Your heart were heartleſſe rock. Oh Sir, vouchſafe
Her greife but hearing, and her ſweet-tongu'd ſorrow,
Will charm your reſtrained pitty.

*Duk.* What, ſtatuiz'd *Hippolyto?*

*Hip.* No, royall Sir, a little womaniz'd,
I ſuck'd it from my mother, and 'twill out.
We are not made of marble, but are men.
And, but I know your zeal to ſacred Juſtice,
I ſhould (with hope t'obtain) preſume to beg
Compaſſion, with her Highneſſe, from your Majeſtie,
For the late exil'd father, of that yet ſorrowing Lady.---

But ———

*Duk.* But what, *Hippolito?* Recollect thy ſelf; *Pauſanio* was thine enemy.

*Hip.* But how deſerv'd, omniſcient heaven can witneſſe,
Beſt knowing the religious ſympathy
I have with his ſad ſufferings.

*Duk.* Spend not the leaſt of thy too pretious thoughts

On such a worthlesse subject. Let him suffer,
And unpittyed. His meer ingratitude to thee,
Setting aside his great offence,
Is offence great enough to pull down an affliction
Beo nd *in*fliction: he suffers worthily.
No more of him. —— Yet, sitter ——

*Hip.* Ha! surely his resolution cannot so soon stagger: [*aside.*
Pray heaven it prove so, or all my plots miscarry,
And I am miserable.

*Iul.* I use my possibility; but alasse,
To one, whose griefs distract her, comfort is,
As Physick to the dead, effectlesse:
Who by sage counsell, would suppresse her sorrow,
Are heard, but not regarded. Fruitlesse are
The hours spent in perswasion. But who sooths
Her melancholly with fair hopes, that time
May repossesse her Father, with his yet lost honours,
Not, alone, attracts her eye and ear,
But gaines her heart.

*Hipol.* Oh blest intelligence! [*aside*

*Duk.* Trust me, I pitty the poor Lady, and wish,
Her lavish fathers prodigality,
T'enrich her brother, and her fair self with vertue,
Had not forc'd him turne bankrupt.

Her

Her then needleſſe ſighs,
Had not rais'd up ſuch floods of cruell tears,
To drown her joyes. We wore him in our breaſt,
Whilſt loyall; but, when he left his vertue,
We caſt him off, dreading a further danger.
But for thoſe pair of ſpotleſſe innocents,
His children, they ſtill ſurvive, receiving
Warmth from the ſun-ſhine of our favour,
Which they enjoy deſervedly: *Martiano*
Hath a ſpirit, as bold,
As temperately reſolute, which we muſt cheriſh;
And his ſiſters; ſouls,
(Like a huge Diamond in a mount of Ore)
As rich in vertue, as her exteriour parts in pulchritudes perfection.

*Hip.* Though't be pure truth, from him I like it not. [*aſide.*

*Duk.* Pray let her have all due reſpect from you,
As ſhe ſhall have from us.

*Jul.* Her merits challenge more, then my performance
Can pay her vertue, though my endeavour's aim
Be wholly for her griev'd hearts tranquillity.

*Duk.* When next you ſee this ſorrow-clouded Beauty,
Let her ſweet ſadneſſe know, our ſelfe in perſon,
Before expected, will perſwaſions bring,
To alienate her griefs.

*Jul.* Gratious Sir, I ſhall.

*Duk.* Come my *Hippolito.* *Exeunt*

*Enter*

*Enter Fumante dressing, and Carlo.*

*Fum.* Laugh'd at 'm?

*Car.* Oh sir, extreamly--- she laugh'd untill she leak'd, she wept with laughing.

*Fum.* It could not be, at them; they were too serious; upon mine honour, I ne're compos'd a copy of more pure poetry, and dresst in such rich language; in my opinion, they were exquisite

*Car.* No doubt, Sir, and yet she might laugh at 'em. Our women of this age are growne so wise, that what we think meritorious, they believe ridiculous; and sometimes it falls out so, they erre not ever.

*Fum.* Pugh! the style was too lofty, and the conceit tickelish and profound; her weak capacity could not reach the meaning.

*Car.* It may be so: What was the subject?

*Fum.* Her selfe the generall, and every part particulariz'd.

*Car.* Why there's it; will you tickle a womans profundity with a lofty style, and she not laugh at the conceit? it is impossible.

*Fum.* Well, I do hope to nose *Vatimius* yet, and marry fair *Rosania* my self.

*Car.* And leave the Lady *Dianetta* to wear the willow?

*Fum.* No, I'le court her for a Mistresse, the other for a Wife: 'tis providently usuall—— Who's that knocks? [*knocks.*

Some

Some needy Tailor in his Apprentiſes thread-bare cloak; or Seamſter, in pittifull foul linnen, is come (with lamentation) to woo for mony. *Exit Carlo.* *Enter Carlo.*

*Car.* Signior, your Shoo-maker, very importunate, deſires ſome ſhort conference with you.

*Fum.* Say I'me abroad.

*Car.* Sir, it boots not, he knowes your conſtant hour too well; ſaies, you are ne'r caparriſon'd till twelve.

*Fum.* Tell him, he's a rogue, and he lies.

*Car.* Not I, Sir, 'twill bear an action; call a man a rogue for telling truth! If you have not what he comes for, money, at leaſt give him good words.

*Fum.* I never ſhall endure his importunity.

*Car.* I have a preſent means to give him ſuddain motion.--- *cuts one of his boots croſs the toe.*

*Fum.* What do'ſt mean?

*Car.* So now, be angry, that the ſtraitneſſe of your boot, forced you to cut it, or you could not have worn 'em: and ſeem impatient. *Exit Carlo, and re-enters with the Shoomaker.*

*Fum.* Let me alone.

*Shoo.* Good-morrow to your Worſhip.

*Fum.* In good time, Sir. What? you come for money, but are like to go without. Pox on your neat work; I muſt cut new boots, or cannot wear 'em; beſides, incur my Lord's diſpleaſure; who

who verry now in great haste sent for me. Another would return 'em on your hands, but I am mercifull, and you know it well enough, therefore presume: but have a care, for if this trade hold, you'l quickly break.

*Car.* I am afraid so. [*aside.*

*Shoo.* Sir, I desire your pardon for these, your next shall make amends.

*Fum.* They shall? and when?

*Shoo.* By to morrow this time.

*Fum.* Go to, fail not, if you fail me, I'le fail you. [*Exit Shoom.*

*Car.* Nay, that's sure enough. [*aside.*

*Fum.* Thou necessary villain; let me hug thee.

*Car.* Peugh, this is nothing, I have seen a hundred of these tricks in Town. Now must you make a vertue of necessity, and neatly tie it up with this new fashion'd Ribband; and, ere to morrow at night, 'twill prove a fashion. { *Ties it up, and puts on his Boot.*

*Fum.* Excellent *Carlo!* Again? who's there now? But 'tis no matter, now I know the trick on't, I shall be even with some more of ye. { *Carlo goes out, and re enters.*

*Car.* The Lord *Hipolito* hath sent for you.

*Fum.* I attend. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Martiano and Ausonius.*

*Mar.* Tax not my courage (dearest friend) I dare

As

As much, as man; when warranted by vertue.
The day's not more antipatheticall
To night, then my bold Soul to coward Fear.
But oft we see temerity o'rethrow,
What wise delay might have prevented.
Protraction is not ever dangerous,
But sometimes advantageous; nor is
My sure revenge remitted, 'cause deferr'd:
No, no, it vegetates, and when mature,
With ease, I'l shake the vengefull fruit, that bears
A certain ruine with it, upon the heads
Of the conspirators, and all at once
Crush them to dust. But my designe, as yet, is green.

*Aus.* I not suspect your courage, *Martiano*,
But tardity, for, though our Proverb saith,
He that goes slow goes sure; yet, he that hastes,
Hath first his ends. I can but counsell you;
And proffer my assistance.

*Mart.* Both which, *Ausonius*, I accept with gratitude:
I may have just occasion to put
Your noble friendship to a tryall:
Till when, I ever shall acknowledge
The great engagement my demerit hath
Unto your goodnesse.

*Aus.* Do, put me to the proof;
Then shall my actions speak my reall heart
Better, then my harsh tongne, unpractique in
The ceremonious falsities of *France*,

(So

(So much in fashion with our antick age.)
My All is thine, and when I prove perfidious,
Kill me; till then, trust me.
*Mar.* Thou art all constant goodnesse, and my Friend.
In that poor Monosyllable, th'inestimable riches
Of our love, lies thesauriz'd.
*Aus.* Importunate affaires which envy me
The pleasure of thy company, exact
Me, for some few houres.
Be circumspect, and underneath your thoughts,
Your secretest thoughts, let our discourse ly couch'd;
There's danger in the appearance. Passion
Too often drives man beyond his reason;
And a rash tongue betraies a resolv'd heart.
Good counsell's ever seasonable. Be wise.
And diffident. *Hippolitus* feign'd friendship
Portends no good, his aime's beyond your reach.
Be confident, your fathers enemy
Can never be your reall friend, his tongue
And heart must needs be dissonant.
Credit not his soft language; for most sweet
The *Syrens* sing, when they intend to slay.
Be firm in your revenge, th'injurious wrongs
Of good *Pausanio* cry loud for't; let him have't.
*Mart.* Could I conceive his injuries grew from that root of
Malice, I would ——
*Aus.* You are not ignorant, 'tis more then whisper'd
*Mart.*

*Mart* Were he the man, though skulk'd in
some obscure
And unknown cavern, i'th remotest part
Of the wide Universe, my impetuous rage,
More swift and terrible than lightning,
Soon would finde him out;
And soon as found, dissect him into Atoms,
Which my just hand should dissipate about
His silent Mansion, that the guiltlesse earth
(Abhorring such commixture) might intreat
The furious justice of some stormy gust,
To snatch his ashes from her purer dust.
And hurry them to hell.

*Auso.* Passion transports him.-- Reassume
your reason,
And once again be vigilant. *Exit Ausonius.*

*Mart.* My thoughts afflict me, sure it cannot
be,
*Hippolito* should wear so smooth a brow,
And have a craggy heart; experience
Yet often proves the contrary: The Sea,
But now calm as a standing Lake, flattering
The secure Mariner, in few minutes space,
Furrowes his front, and threatens him with
wrack.
And 'mong a thousand seeming friends, 'tis rare
To finde one pair, whose meaning's their ex-
pression,
'Mong formall friends; then what can I expect
From a known enemy? Ha!---'tis doubtfull-----

But

But my revenge must not be idly grounded,
Upon sleight thought, but fundamentall truth.
I would not for the world, blur my pure soul
With any black mistake;—— yet I'le suspect what may be,
And 'tis wisdome; hastie fooles
Build on the sottile-sand of self-opinion,
Whilst th' patient prudent laugh at their sad ruine.
I must make farther tryall, then if I find
Him guilty, I'l soon ease my troubled mind.

*Exit Martiano.*

*Enter Hippolito, solus.*

*Hip.* I'm now securely fix'd in the Duke's bosome,
My power equalls his; his greater title
Onely distinguisheth. So politick Syres,
T'advance their sons low fortunes, by a Match
Deserving better, let them bear the name
And glorious sound of Land lord, when th'entrado
Runs th'old course into their Coffers.
'Tis my command that executes, the Duke
But countenanceth the act. Petitions flock to me,
And, as my pleasure shall decree, are granted or oppos'd.
I've dress't my selfe in such humility,
That all mens hearts are mine. Our neighbour Cardinall,
(That favour'd Prelate) from th'opressed people,
Hath

Hath not more hourly imprecations,
Than I prayers, ſmiles, and obſequious cringes
What content, to perfect my beatitude, affords
The world that's yet deficient,
But beauteous *Lucibella*? the rich crown
Of all my joyes, for whoſe unvalu'd love
My honour lies at ſtake, nay, my dear life,
Were I diſcover'd: whoſe willfull Father
Deſpis'd my humble ſuites, and with denyall
(Cold as a Northern congelation)
Nip'd my then germinating hopes; beſides,
When but a Neophyte in our Maſters favour,
Malitiouſly he ſought t' eclipſe my glory
With a cloud of ruine; which to retalliate,
My timely plots have ſent him far enough;
Yet knowes he not who hurt him. So wiſe men
Vengeance take, whilſt th'inconſiderate fool
Threatens, and failes. *Pauſanio*, I am now
Above thy malice, and reſolv'd to win
Thy peerleſſe daughter, or grow old { *to him,* *Fumante* in ſin.

*Fum.* Summon'd by your command, (my honour'd Lord)
My ever-ready dutie brought me, to wait upon yo uple aſure.

*Hipol. Fumante*, thus in ſhort,
I have perceived, and oft, your jealous eye
Hath glanc'd at *Dianetta* more of late,
Than any other Lady of the Court.

*Fum.* My Lord!——

*Hip.* And she deserves respect, she's fair; besides,
You have enjoy'd with freedome a vouchsafty,
That others dare not hope for, many hours
Of sweet discourse with her, a certain symptom
Of mutuall affection---- You are happy,
Whilst I———

*Fum.* My Lord, I've many Mistresses;
But, who's most courteous, she predominates.

*Hip.* No jealously, *Fumante*,
I know the boundlesse love you bear her, and
The power you have with her; how that your absence
Doth not more torture her afflicted soul,
Than presence hilarate her heart. Therefore
I sent for thee, on whom my hopes depend:
For now's the time wherein thou maist expresse
Thy gratitude, for all my liberall favours,
Profusely shewr'd on thee: Nay more, endear
Me to thy love, and our two soules unite,
For perpetuity.

*Fum.* (I scent the project, he would inoculate. [*aside.*
Now must I turn pimp, ---hum---- well:
Would I were the first had undergone,
That now much practised function for a Patron.
'Tis a familiar age
For you, (my gratious Lord) to whose great bounty
I owe more, than the too-short remnant of my life

I wiſh to live, that my whole care and ſtudy,
Employ'd for your contentment may effect it.
*Hip.* Gratefull *Fumante!* Oh--- my troubled breaſt,
Doth nouriſh flaming ſulphure.
*Fum.* Wee'l have it quench'd, and ſpeedily.
Her quick rolling eyes are characters of kindneſſe.
Th' other day, (ſpeaking of my Verſes) ſhe ſaid,
My words were charmes, and that the Lady muſt be
Inſenſible,----- of ſtone,--- that could withſtand my method----
I'le put her to the proof--- Courage my Lord!
The Lady's yours.
*Hip.* Mercy pronounced to the Delinquent, bears
Nothing ſo ſweet a ſound,---- I am all joy—
Deareſt *Fumante*!—— imagination
Of what's to come, tranſports me---- prethee how,
How, my *Fumante*! enform me of the way.
*Fum.* With admiration, often I have heard
Her ſpeak your merit, and affirm, the Duke
Look'd with her eyes, when his election made
Your worthy ſelfe the object of his favours.
*Hip.* On!---prethee on!
*Fum.* The Court (not without cauſe) might boaſt of you;
For *Florence*, nor the world, could e'r produce
Your Honour's parallel.

*Hip.* My hopes beſt comfort! On.

*Fum.* Added t'your gifts of nature, goodly feature,
Were thoſe of the minde, ſound judgment, temper'd vallour,
Relieving bounty, and humility,
Attracting hearts: in fine all graces, which
Requir'd are, to make a man compleat,
Unanimouſly flock'd into your breaſt,
As to their proper center, and there fixed, dwell.

*Hip.* Oh! I ſhall ſurfeit with exceſſe of joy.

*Fum.* Were't poſſible, her willing tongue could ſtretch
A praiſe beyond deſerving, you ſhould hav't;
Which is a proof ſufficient ſhe affects you.
Now 'twere a neceſſary policy, my Lord,
To tickle her in th'ear with th'like report,
From you, concerning her, it cannot chuſe but take:
And if that fail her mean condition,
Being far beneath your honours;
Large promiſes, (luſts ſugred bait) and ſome performance,
(The life of expectation) will forcibly prevail.
Deſpair not, for the ſtuff we have to work on, is
Malleable—— My Lord, ſhe is a woman.

*Hip.* Whom means *Fumante*?

*Fum.* Fair *Dianetta.*

*Hip. Dianetta?*

*Fum.* Yes: was't not ſhe your honour ſpake of?

*Hip.*

*Hip.* Erroneous apprehenſion, dull *Fumante*,
Thy jealouſie, and my credulity,
Equally fool us. My now preſent griefs,
Exceed my late imaginary joyes———
Why did my rage procure the Generall's baniſhment?
Was't not for beauteous *Lucibella*'s love?

*Fum.* Your Lordſhips word obliged me to believe ſo.

*Hip.* 'Tis a pure truth, then turn not an Apoſtate:
For my ſublime ſoul fix'd in the pure heaven
Of her tranſcendent beauty, (where doth ſhine
The glory of perfection) diſdaines
Inferiour community.——

*Fum.* Your naming *Dianetta*, made me
Suppoſe the contrary. For, we of the Court
Are rarely bondſlaves into conſtancy.

*Hip.* 'Tis a confeſs'd fault, would 'twere amended.
But now take my intentionst
My vertuous fair, with much impatiency,
Brooks her lov'd father's abſence, and admits
Of no ſociety, but ſadneſſe, whilſt
My grief-ſwoln heart doth languiſh.
Now to avoid ſuſpition. (for I doubt
*Martian*'s haughty ſpirit) and to confirm
Me in her good opinion, with haſte,
Repair to *Dianetta*, that ſhe, through you——

*Fum.* Now I conceive: may give intelligence

To *Lucibella*, of the constant faith
You have vow'd unto her goodnesse——
*Hip.* Right--- and withall,
(For this point is the soul of my designe)
How my assiduous supplication is,
To impetrate the Dukes remission for *Pausanio*.
Let her speak comfort plentifully, for
Thus assure her, I'le never cease my suit,
Till I obtain his gracious grant. Do this, and----
*Fum.* And more, (my Lord)
Be confidently cheerfull, and expect,
Ere long, a prosperous issue. *Exit Fuman.*
*Hip.* Go, and kinde fate wait on thee, if she prove
Kind, I am too great, ever to know remove
*Exit Hipolito.*

*Enter Vatinius and Jacamo.*

*Vat.* Love hath a strange consuming faculty, (Vatinius with a ribbon tied upon his boot, an had Fum.
Wastes not alone the spirits, but the purse.
Variety of change, will shortly make me
Change variety. It hath cost me, since that I
First made love unto *Rosania*, at least
Two thousand pistolls in very clothes; and
Yet she cannot fancy me; 'tis strange——
I wear 'em well enough —— ha!
*Jac.* Yes, Sir;
(For I can get none of 'em till they be past wearing. [aside

*Vat.*

*Vat.* And
My judicious Tailor tells me, I become my cloths.
I'm open to thy view, deliver thy opinion.
*Iac.* Faith, Sir, your cloths become you.
*Vat.* Your cloathes become you, villain. [*kicks him.*
He ſwears, that the compaction of my body is beyond
Compare, and takes delight to look upon my waſte.
*Iac.* (I cannot blame him, he lives by your great waſte.) [*aſide.*
*Vat.* And yet, your clothes become you!
*Iac.* Your Pardon, Sir; the phraſe is uſuall.
*Vat.* Uſe it no more, becauſe it is ſo: When any thing is
Common, it is worthleſſe.
*Jac.* That's a Court Maxim. [*aſide.*
*Vat.* Go, Sir, diſcharge the Taylor preſently { *gives Jac. a key.*
I will not, as moſt Gallants do, ſtill ſpend,
Whilſt I have wherewithall, but pay,
That when I want to ſpend, then ſpend I may.
*Jac.* Per-lady, no ſmall pollicy. *Exit Jac.*
*Vat.* This ſuites the forward iſſue of a new faſhion; yet, am I almoſt confident, ſhe'l make it elder by a month, then that I gave my man a year ſince. Well, I muſt humour her; but if ſhe continue thus, when we are married, we muſt

wear my woods upon our backs, or (like th- Tortoiſe) carry our houſes about us. 'Tis true mov'd, I ſhall have her, which I've confirmed, although ſhe never made me any promiſe, and I ſtrongly believe 't; for I am tearmed the object of the Ladies, and the exact Courtier: Should it go otherwiſe, I ſhould be bravely laugh'd at. But I'le to her, and know a certainty, for I can ſcarcely hold out any longer. [*to him, Honorio.*

*Hon. Vatinus*, well mett. So early ready? and ſo quaintly dreſt? Truſt me, this is not ordinary; but I ſuppoſe, the Dukes intended viſit to *Lucibella*, with the Princeſſe, with whom *Roſania* goes, occaſioned this unaccuſtomed expedition.

*Vat.* I do confeſſe ingenuouſly, it did: But I muſt wait. My Lord, your humble ſervant. *Exit Vatinius.*

*Hon.* That ſuch a ſolid judgment, and ſweet beauty,
Should raſhly throw the treaſure of her love
On a meer glorious outſide, troubles me paſt wonder.
Imperious love! placeſt thou charmes in clothes?
Are gay apparell, and a rich-loind purſe,
Such powerfull attractions? Yes, 'tis plain;
Whilſt the reward of vertue's cold diſdain.
When I diſcover'd my religious flame,
With an unfained paſſion, and my ſoul
Almoſt expiring with each heartleſs ſigh;
What anſwer, but, ſhe pittyed me: whilſt he

Muſt

Muſt quaff the Cordiall, that ſhould comfort me.
Women, your love admits no other Lawes,
But this, ye love not therefore, [*to him, Martiano.*
but becauſe
By this, my Lord the Duke is on the way,
To pay his promiſed viſit to your ſiſter.
*Mart.* She'l take your perſonall information,
for an honour.
*Hon.* 'Tis the leaſt ſervice I can pay her
merit. [*Exit Honorio.*
*Mart.* There goes an honeſt Lord; and, but
*Auſonius*,
There's ſcarce another in the Court.
Where might a man turn his eye to finde a
third? [*to him, Hipolito.*
Torment unto my blood, *Hipolito.*
*Hipol.* (His riſing muſt prevent my fall: he ſhall [*ſpeaking unto himſelf.*
Be Generall-- ha! 'tis concluded: and ſee a
Moſt opportune recountre.)
What, wedded ſtill to ſadneſſe, *Martiano*; ever
alone?
*Mart.* Better alone, then ill accompanied.
*Hip.* How's this?
*Mart.* My honeſt thoughts are conſtant ſub-
jects to
My upright ſoul; Treaſon and Adulation
Were ne'r known to them. You'l ſay, 'tis ſtrange,
But 'tis a ſimple truth. Now ſhould I ſlack
The awefull reins, and let 'm rove, they might
Rebell,

Rebell, having ſo great a precedent (my Lord.)

*Hib.* Is this diſjoynted talke to us? know you; who we are?

*Mart.* Disjoynted talke to us? know you, who we are?

Yes: I do know, *Hipolito*: our names have but an equall ſound.

*Hipol.* However, more manners and leſſe familiarity.

Would well become you; elſe you will grow contemptible.

*Mart.* More manners leſſe familiarity; contemptible? (*draw.*

My potent arme (where in the purple bloud,
Of wrong'd *Pauſanio* lively flowes)
Shall chaſtiſe thy mad folly, and maintaine
My fathers Son the Nobler ----- now's the time for trial. (*aſide*

Who (though unjnſtly exil'd) hath a breſt
Harbouring more reall worth then the carv'd
Monuments of all thy deceaſe'd Anceſtors
Can bragge off ----- heaven he weeps! (*aſide.*
This may be but deluſion ----- on!
What though you be our Maſters Minnion?
That doth not lend addition to your bloud,
'Tis Vertue that enobles; every way
I am at worſt, your equal; which deny'd.
Let our impartial ſwords the cauſe decide.
What meanes *Hipolito*?

*Hipol.* I never hear your baniſhed Father nam'd,

But

But griefe through my kind eyes, evaporates,
The ſad miſt from my kinder heart, and leaves
It obvious.
*Mart.* This cannot be diſſembling ---- (*aſide*
My Lord your pardon! my raſh credulity,
And filiall love to parent,
Enforc'd my heart to a foule miſconſtruction,
How that your power which the Duke contriv'd
My fathers ſad remove; the reaſon, this:
Becauſe you held him for an Enemy;
And in a ſuppoſ'd juſt revenge, I thought
To kill you; yet not ignobly.
*Hip.* Adulterated age! Monſtrous ingratitude!
Is my ſo noble friendſhip, pious ſorrow,
Unceſſant mediation, all my ſervices,
Both to, and for your father, thus rewarded?
Arme! for I'le teach thy rage a better temper--
(*draw.*
Was it for this? my long continued pray'rs,
For your advance (yet unt ill now effectleſſe)
At length, have wone the yeelding Duke to make
Your worthleſſe-ſelfe his generall? nay brought
His Royall perſon to confirme it on you,
Brought him an honour to your habitation,
For this? ----- but I tryffle ------ betake you to your
Guard! Why do you not put forward?

Doth

Doth abject feare reſtrain your fury?

*Mart.* No 'tis a thing I hate, as I do love
True vallour: the late War proclaim'd it: nor
Becauſe you'r favourit to the Duke for could,
It enter in my thought, you wrong'd my father?
Were you *Jove's* Ganymed? my noble anger
Would force me re attempt high-heav'ns invaſion,
And from th' *Olympicke* thunders riffled armes
Throw headlong my revenge to *Tartarus.*

*Hip.* O ---- thou'ſt damned ſpirit (*aſide.*

*Mart.* To proſecute ſweet vengeance,
I could do things, me thinks impoſſible:
But uſeleſſ be that hand, uſurps a ſword;
Againſt a friend! now I am calme, and beg,
What muſt not be denyed, your goodneſſe pardon;
And, henceforth, I vow to weare you next my ſoul.

*Hip.* Firſt ------ Nay, pray receive my ſword! { *Proffers his Sword.*
And if you doubt of my reality?
Rippe up my breſt, where you ſhall find a heart
Worthy your friendſhip.

*Mart.* Kind Sir, enough: I am all faith--- The Princeſs. { *To them, Julia.*

*Julia. Martiano*, the Duke, within expects you.

*Mart.* Madam, I attend.

*Julia.* The Lord *Hipolito* will deſerve your love, Whoſe

Whoſe faithfull mediation hath accompanied
Our long important ſuit, for th' old Generall.
*Exit Julia*
*Hipol.* As ſent from heav'n. [*aſide.*
*Mart.* This confirmes all the reſt:
What devil ſuggeſted me to this miſtake?
Once more, Sir, your forgiveneſſe?
*Hip. Martiano*, take it, and a friend! but hence
Let reaſon rule, and not be rul'd by ſenſe. (*Exeunt.*

*Deſinit Actus primus.*

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## Actus ſecundus, Scena prima.

*Enter* **Honoria**, *Fumante*, *Vatinius.*

*Hono.* WHat think yee, Gentlemen of *Lucibella.*
*Vatin.* She ſpake ſweetly and wiſely.
*Hono.* Well, ſhe's the glory of her ſex.
I never heard a ſuite of ſuch importance,
Urg'd which like modeſty: t'was ſtrange the duke
(After ſo powerfull a plea) could ſtill,
Remaine inexorable.
*Fuman.* Sir, nothing leſs: juſtice beſt ſpeakes a Prince,
When mercy yoakes his great Prerogative
With vulgar cenſure: ſhould he, now, reverſe
(At

(At a faire Ladies prayers) his former doome,
And call *Pauſanio* home, which all the Lords
Entreaty, could not win him to, d'yee thinke
The buſy-Commons gravidated heads,
(Which generally, from nothing, coyne conceits)
Would not bring forth foule whiſpers, ſince they know.
Him for a Traytor.
*Hono.* I've heard a Tenent (beſides that of his ſanctity)
How that a Princes great Prerogative,
Maintaines him not-erronious (the truth
Of either, I diſpute not, ſince authouriz'd)
Which beleev'd, the people dare not murmure.
How e're, mercy no leſſe becomes a Prince.
*Fuman.* Faith Sir, their inſolency, here of late,
Is growne to ſuch a height, that Majeſty
Lies trampl'd on; they dare doe any thing.
*Vatin.* 'Tis too-true.
And more then time their great impiety,
Were by a ſtricter hand ſuppreſt.
*Hono.* Here are a paire of States-men, ſuch another
Not to be called out of Chriſtendome, t' or'e throw it, *Aſide*
One a foole, t' other a flatterer, I muſt not
Leave them, for my mirth;
But harke yee Gentlemen! 'tis more then thought.

That

That the the old Gennerall, is groſſely injur'd
*Fuman.* Fooles are of that opinion.
*Vatin.* Yes, yes, fooles; none, but fooles.
*Hono.* I am of that opinion; am I a foole?
*Both.* You a foole, my Lord?
*Hono.* I doe proteſt I hold *Pauſanio* noble.
*Fuman.* Come, come, my Lord, it is unſafe
To harbour ſuch opinions, when the lawes
Have prov'd him guilty of foule treaſon.
*Hono.* Hum---are you of that faction?
I ſhall obſerve you more hereafter. *Aſide*
I only ſpeake to yee, my grave judicious friends,
But no more of that.
What thinke yee of th' great honour, late confer'd
On *Martiano*? he's now created Generall;
And hath a haughty ſpirit.
*Fuman.* Spirit too much, I feare; but yet the duke.
Was ill-advis'd, untill a farther proofe,
So great an honour, raſhly, to beſtow,
Tooke from a Traytour, on the Traytours ſonne,
*Vatin.* Right: who (for ought we know) may be a Traitour?
The Duke was much too blame, and without queſtion,
The whole Court are of our opinion.
*Hono.* Yes, yes, fooles; none, but fooles.
*Both.* How's this?
*Hono.* Now I hope you will not queſtion me, for my opinion;

I am

I am even with yee.

*Both.* Wee ? not wee, my Lord; we are your friends.

*Hono.* Nay now yee dare not { *Vatin*, *Fuman*: Courts *Rosania.* *Dianetta* *To them Rosania, and Dianetta.*

And I am glad on't

See the ladies.

Such seem'd the beauteous Goddess, when she got.

The golden ball, on happy Ida's toppe;

Else had the Trojan-youth bestow'd the prize

On *Juno*, or the Martiall-maid.

Rosania, well; how e're you sleight my love,

My captiv'd soule will your true martyr prove.

*Dianetta.* I've not neglected the performance of

All your desires.

*Fuman.* You much oblige me.

*Rosania.* Enough, enough, I doe not like the subject.

*Vatin.* That's but an evasion, because she would not have *Aside.*

Her love to me discovered: how shall I be blest, with wit, and beauty?

*Rosa.* Your serious thoughts (my Lord) are taken up { *To Honorio.*

With business for the state; you have left courting.

*Hono.* Lady, I was projecting ——

*Rosa.* Oh purge your brain of projects, I advise you.

They

They breed contagion, that infects the ſtate;
And will, or make you deadly ſick, or kill you.
*Hono.* But mine is lawfull.
*Roſa.* Law it ſelfe's unſound.
*Hono.* Yet, Lady, mine is juſt and honeſt.
*Roſa.* That would be rare and ſtrange: what i'ſt?——— *Hon.* aſide. *Roſa.* whiſper.
*Vatin.* She fits him every way and ſhe hath aſhrew'd wit,
And I ſhall love her the better for't: (*Aſide.*
even thus.
Will ſhe croſs me, to exerciſe her Genius———
*Roſa.* You love a Lady, and would have her give you the
Monopoly of her heart; and, for th' obtayning
Of the Pattent, give her yours.
*Hono.* I would: Is it not fayre, and equall?
*Roſa.* As't may fall out: yet you may pay too deere;———
But it concerns not me.
*Hono.* She's yet immoveable: hard-hearted fayre!——— (*Aſide.*
*Roſa.* Signior *Fumante*, I had your amorous verſes.
*Vatin.* He ſend her verſes?——— (*Aſide*
*Roſa.* But the exuberance of your praiſe, was only due
To Venus ſelfe; and (if my memory faile me not)
The Author ſo intended them, in th' laſt Court-

Maſque.

*Fuman.* The Author Madame?
How, hath ſhe found out that? —— (*Aſide.*

*Roſa.* Yes Sir! the major part of them i'm
ſure were none.
Of yours: but bluſh not! you're not the firſt, by
Multitudes, guilty of this fellonious fault,
'tis common.

*Dian.* Yet nere the leſs abſurd.

*Fumam.* By Phœbus ſelfe, I ſweare!
Th' invention genuinely was my owne.
I not deny, but mine might ſimulize
The others learned-ſtraine.

*Dian.* Yea; good witts will jumpe.

*Fuman.* For now the ſterile ſoile of forc'd
invention.
Is over-wrought, therefore not; ſo productive
Of variety: what theame can you propoſe.
That largely hath not bin diſcuſſ'd on?

*Roſa.* Scarce any: therefore your excuſe is the
more paſſable.

*Dian.* The duke ——

*Enter duke, Iulia, Lucibella, Hipol, Martiano, Auſonius, Attendants, Flouriſh.*

*Duke.* Madame you have exceeded in our
entertainment.
Which you may judg ill recompenc'd, having
deny'd.
Your only ſuite: but conſolate

Your greived heart, which better hopes: for when.
Your Preſence, ſhall, an honour bring, with it,
Unto our Court, our gratitude ſhall give
Your bounty a juſt proofe, that we deſerve it.
*Hipol.* What meanes the duke? —— (*Aſide,*
*Duke.* Till when-I thinke't an age- *kiſſes.*
your leave ——
Th' Arabian gales breath not ſo ſweet a ſcent
On bluſhing Roſes.
*Luceb.* Your Grace leaves too much honour which your handmaid.
*Duke.* Faireſt--farewell! *Looks ſteadfaſtly upon her, pulls his hat over his eyes then goes away which Hip. M. A. Ho. F. Va.*
*Diana.* The duke departed ſtrangely.
*Iulia.* Some thing hath crept into,
His noble breſt, that troubles him,
What ere it be?
*Diana.* I partly gueſs the cauſe.
*Luceb.* Pray heav'n no want in us, or miſperformance.
In his entertainment, hath wrought this alteration!
*Julia.* Be feareleſs!
*Dian.* No; rather your abundance: in plainer termes,
Madame, I thinke your beauty hath ſubjected
His ſtouter heart, and doubting, now your loves
Reciprocation, ſince his great oppoſing.

Your sad petition, his obduracie
Feeling the heat of *Cupids* flames become
More flexible: witnesse his kind invitall
To the Court, his gratefull promises of all
Due performance, and his encouragement
To lively consolation; but most,
His Heart-betraying salutation
Just at parting: through which I well perceiv'd,
(As if his breast had bin transparent crystall)
The rankling relique Loves kind cruelty
Had left behind —— nay (Madam) we can judge

*Julia.* Propitious be thy divination!

*Luceb.* I would not for the world.

*Julia.* Why? could'st not love him?

*Luceb.* Yes, before any He living:
Nay set aside th' attraction of his person
Which, though external, is most powerfull;
With all th' internall vertues, that enrich
His nobler mind: as he is your brother
He might share bliss with me: but as he is
A tyrant to my virgin teares effus'd
In such aboundance, meekely at his feet,
Whereby to expiate my fathers guilt
From his too strict remembrance, and reduce
him to his native home, that so mine eyes
(Happy in their aspect) might straine the rest
through my excesse of joy; as he is thus
Mercilesse to deny me this, I could be pitty le---

(weeps.)

*Julia.*

*Julia.* Sweeteſt ſhake off this miſbecoming ſorrow!
And theſe ſad weeds, that ſhrow'd it for, than now,
Never more cauſe of gladneſſe: tyer thy ſelfe
Like to thy ſelfe! and help revive the Court
(Grown dull through thy long abſence)
With thy preſence!

*Dia.* (Dear Madam) do! for if the Duke be taken?
As certainly he is (or I have no inſpection)
Beleeve your father now at home! for that muſt follow.
He never can expect love from you,
'Till he have made him recompence.

*Roſa.* Very true: therefore pray be adviſd!

*Dian.* Good Madam!

*Julia.* Nay come, you ſhall be rul'd, and goe to Court.

*Luceb.* Chiefly, to give a demonſtration
Of my obedience to the Duke his ſummons;
Next to pleaſure ye; and laſt (if poſſible)
Too loſe part of my greefe, which heav'n knowes
Is inſupportable. I will waite on you-----
But by our ſacted friendſhip! { *Takes Julia by the hand.*

*Julia.* To me no exorciſms.

*Luceb.* Then Queſtion not your brothers paſſion!

*Julia.* I ſhall obſerve —— (*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke and Page.*

*Duke.* Come gentle boy, thy untouch'd heart is light,
Thou canst expresse another's sadnes in
A pleasing tone, and yet remaine unmov'd:
Sing me the melancholly ditty, which thou saidst
Would please me. (*Sings.*

Song.

*WEEpe on, sad Soul! and may thy teares*
*make thee memorative of hers!*
*yet not to grieve thee;*
*For though thy disrespective beames*
*carrouz'd, unsatiffi'd, those streames*
*her goodnesse may relieve thee:*
*Th'obdurate stone,*
*By oft distilling drops, is wrought upon:*
*Sigh on! untill thy frozen brest,*
*be with dissolving---warmth possest!*
*then weep agen!*
*Till thy repentant sorrow show*
*each teare, and sigh, from her did flow*
*hath bin repayed with tenne;*
*and then she must.*
*Or love againe, or liv'd esteem'd unjust.*

*Duke.* Tis well: leave us! (*Exit, Page.*
What a combustion rages in my brest!
And how small hope to quench it! righteous fate!

What

What horrid ſin, unknown to my cleare ſoul,
Have I committed, meriting ſo great
A puniſhment? than which, none---temporall
More cruell: to love and be diſdain'd!
Is there prevention? ſhe, whoſe ſea of tears
(That might have melted Rocks) th'abyſſus of
My greedy rigour hath carrouſ'd without
Senſe of ſatiety; can ſhe have left
One drop to pitty me?-------
She whoſe ſad ſweet complaints, could not but charme
The bloudy Moore, and teach his fierceneſſe, mildneſſe;
I've heard neglectingly: can ſhe retaine
Compaſſion, for one hath bin ſo cruell?
Superfluous queſtion! —— but ſtay better reaſon:
Say I call home her father------ if at length,
After whole yeares, great paines, large ſumms, conſum'd
In the delaying law, we but recover
The deſperate principall! travell nor charge
Is thought on, we're contented: why maint ſhee
(Forgetting her paſt greefes) be ſatiſfied?
I am reſolv'd---- --but then where's Juſtice----- oh!-------
No matter: ------yee celeſtial dwellers,
In Capital Letters, regiſter this truth!
I fall to frailety, but by a temptation

That your divinities, if upon earth, could not withstand:
Which seene I may find pardon — *To him Hip: speaking to himselfe.*
*Hi.* There is no safety can associate sin;
Some thing must be donne.
*Duke. Hipol to* discourfing to himselfe?
Thus obscur'd, I may o're heare him. — *Duke behind the hangings.*
*Hipol.* The Duke is strangely chang'd: his wonted mirth
Forsakes him; and his mind-discloſing-ſpeech
Speaks him all sadneſs: his dejected lookes,
Soft lingring pace, and sollitary loneneſs,
Faint-heartleſs-ſighs, and jealous apprehenſions.
Are the true badges of a deepe-ſtruck-Amoriſt.
*Duke.* There you rub'd my wound.
*Hipol.* Hum —— it troubles me extreamly,
To know the certaine cauſe of his diſtemper.
*Duke.* Kind Hipolito, thy whole care's for us,
Whereas we're growne quite careleſs of ourſelfe,
*Hipol.* May be the peereleſs *Lucebella.*
*Duke.* What of her?
*Hipol.* (The ſplendour of whoſe eye might enfuſe warmth
In the halfe frozen Coſſack, and enforce
Him throw away his friendly furrs) hath caught.
His yeelding ſoule —— I would not for a world —— — *Duke comes forth.*
*Duke.* Why? I can hold no longer.

*Hipol.*

*Hipol.* Ha? —how easily might my secure thoughts
Have bin surpriz'd?
*Duke.* Be not amaz'd! but feareless! we have heard.
Thy kind expressions tending to our wellfare;
My deare Hipolito, what recompence,
For thy continuall care, can there be, worth
Thy acceptance? when as my dukedome is
Too poore a restitution.
*Hipol.* Gracious Sir, all I can doe's but duty,
Therefore too well rewarded by your royall notice.
*Duke.* Thou art all virtue. But when you pronounc'd
The very cause of my sick hearts disease,
Naming faire *Lucebella*, why stop'd you?
Then with a faint conclusion (I would not for a world)
Blast my hopes?
*Hipol.* I'm put to't; but am arm'd —(*Aside.*
*Duke.* Say (my Hipolito) —— wracke not my expectation!
Dost thou suspect her virtue?
*Hipol.* What, If I confirm'd her vitious? it would worke: (*Aside.*
But oh that were a sin, for which damnation
Would seeme a punishment too easy —I have't
*Duke.* Why muttur'st, to thy selfe?
And leavest our demand unsatisfy'd?

*Hipol.*

*Hipol.* Sir, your pardon!
My anxious thoughts, with which my breſt's replete;
Caus'd this neglect of duty.
*Duke.* Then answer us: doſt thou beleeve her such
As the beſt female, through temptation, may be,
Frayle?
*Hipol.* Chaſt and religious, as the virgin Nunne,
For ought I know.
*Duke.* She is, ſhe is; my ſoule for hers, ſhe is:
With haſte, diſpeed our letters to *Pauſanio*,
Entreat him home, wo him to pardon our
Not pardoning him! tell him we are his friend,
Intend to call him father; reſtitute
Him any thing —— all things —— Jam 'ore joyd.
But what? doſt thou repine at our felicity?
*Hipol.* No: but, rather, pray for its encreaſe.
*Duke.* What then, writes diſcontentment, on thy brow?
Wee doe command your neereſt thoughts.
*Hipol.* (Great Sir) you know my home-bred nature, blunt
As ſimple, not enur'd to ſooth errour
With flattery, ſo heap ſin on ſin; but prone
T'extirpate vice, and cheriſh virtue: then
Shall I behold, with violating hands,
Your ſelfe, that ſhould maintaine juſtice, uſurpe
Her

Her ſacred-ſword, and, with the deſperate point,
Willfully vulnerate your precious ſoul,
When as you may prevent it? and not be truly
greev'd?
Oh no! theſe teares (th' intruſive witneſſes
Of the fix'd love I beare him) doe lament
*Pauſanio's* abſence: yet my pious heart,
Limitts my ready wiſhes, for a ſquared rocke,
Of perfect Adamant, I'ld not have him heere,
And the impardonable ſin upon
Your tortur'd conſcience, with the living ſcan-
dall.
Devouring your noble name, and Anceſtors;
When as Poſterity
Viewing the annalls of your happy reigne,
Among your better deeds, there regiſtred,
Shall find this matchleſs peece of partiall juſtice;
And, in the eares of your ſurviving off-ſpring,
Read, Here have we th' elſe good Coſmo,
For a Precedent of ill: will they not curſe you?

*Duke.* Oh ———

*Hipol.* But my too-forward tongue willing t' expreſſe.
My zeale to goodneſs, hath tranſgreſſd; and now
I have diſcharg'd my duty, if you pleaſe?
Cut off my head! ——— (*Kneeles.*

*Duke.* Riſe, my divided ſoul! would the great traines,
That throng the Courts of Princes, were like thee!

But

But, now, what meanes to keepe me from this guilt,
And yet be happy? my *Hipolito*.

*Hipol.* This only: of late young *Martiano*,
With great entreaty oft hath urg'd
Me to desire your Majesties consent,
That he might visit his long absent father:
Now, give him your grant! and for the rest
Let me alone: his faire sister
Affects your Grace, suffize it, that I know it:
But her brother opposes all that bashfull virgins--

*Duke.* Wee understand thee: and thy words bring comfort;
Tell him he hath our leave, with power to use
Our Gallies, when, and where, he please:
We long to heare of his departure.

*Hipol.* I'le hasten it: Sir, be you but cheerfull,
For if I faile? hate me!

*Duke.* Be prosperous!——— *Exit.*

*Hipol.* So: now to *Martiano*, then the games on foote;
I must not trust his friendship, but at distance.
Had not the good evill spirit furnished
My great necessity? from what a precipice
Had I fall'ne head-long to perdition?
I'm deeply in, then on! if I must fall?
Better for treason, then things triviall. —— *Exit.*

*Enter Rosania.*

*Rosania.* To be married to *Vatinius*? this false report Puts

uts me beſides my patience: the very man I
oath above all the imitating Apes in the
Court:
'Tis true, he and *Fermante* both, have oft with
Oaths, profeſſ'd they lov'd me; which I ever
ſlighted,
And plainely told them, that I could phancy nei-
ther.
I wonder upon what ground 'tis fabrick'd! ----
Upon my life, meerely his own report; no
Otherwiſe; but I ſhall fit him; this comes of
Publique Courtſhip: 'tis well it is no worſe.
I would not have it reach the ears of th' Prin-
ceſſe
For any good -----. *Honorio*, I am now reſolv'd
to
Make amends, for my long paſt unkindneſſe,
Thy conſtancy doth challenge it. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Hipolito, and Martiano.*

*Mart.* Hell to my ſoul? -----whore my Siſter?
*Hip.* Let reaſon coole your boyling bloud; leſt that
Impatience robbe you of ſweet revenge.
*Mart.* It cannot:
My vertue's proofe againſt all oppoſition:
Bring him before my rage, though payled round,
With armed milions, maugre their reſiſtance,
I'le heiw him peace-meale, then to ravenous
Kites

Throw

Throw his luxurious Careasse-----wast for this?
His Syren tongue envited her to Court,
To strumpet her? ------ bette his lust had chose
His only sister to make black with guilt.
Or mounted his owne mother---- who r my sister?
These the promis'd hopes of consolation?------
Dishonour *Lucibella*?

*Hip.* For heav'ns sake moderate your fury?
Or, we both are lost.

*Mart.* Perish the whole world with us, rather than
One graine of our dear honour! fiery flames
Run through my frighted veines, and consume me,
Before I shall doe justice; patience
But a little; I'le instantly returne,
And bring the libidinous heart of this mœchatour
A present for you, poynted on my Steele.

*Hip.* First you must cut your passage through me?
This is childish rashnesse; and not the fruit
Your vowes to patience, and secresie,
So fairely promis'd: had I known your temper
To be thus volatile? no torment should
Have forc'd perswasion, or the name of friend
Have wrought this secret from me: giv't me back? (*draws.*

Or

Or I will ranſack all your Intrals for't.

*Mart.* Why I am your friend, and (but for you) had liv'd
In ignorance, whilſt the laſcivious Duke
Might have brought black diſhonour on our houſe,
And I loſt my revenge, but, to your love,
I owe more then a thouſand lives; for now
I know his dark intentions, and can
Prevent th'm, by killing them in the bud.
Performe then your free proffer, joyne with me!
Remember it alike concerns you------you
He would have made his curſed inſtrument,
The damned Bawd to his foul luſt (my Lord)
You------oh heavens!-----the good *Hipolito*.
Can you hear this, yet not be mov'd?

*Hip.* I can ſeem ſo, and compaſſe my revenge
With greater ſafety; when you raſhly runne
Your neck into the nuze; and not alone,
Your own; but ſeek to ruine him, that was
And would be, your beſt friend. It is unſafe
To play with th' awfull Lyons curled maine,
When waking; but a ſleep, your pleaſure may
Command his very heart.

*Mart.* I am to blame: Forgive me; Sir, the cauſe
Muſt needs diſtemper the moſt able brain:
You were about to counſell me, pray on!

You

You said the course was sure, and might be sud-
daine :
I vow all patient observance.
*Hip.* Then thus.
Some twelve Moones since, you may remember
The solemne vow *Sicanio* freely made
Unto your father, whose supply preserv'd
His person, people, gallies, from the yoke
Of Turkish bondage; when *Reubbassa*
That proud commander, with his whole Armado
Set on his weaker power, which (by multitude)
'Ore Master'd, after a cruell fight,
*Sicanio*, and the *Sicilian* Cavalleirs
Ready to yeeld themselves unto their mercy,
*Pansanio*, and his power were discri'd
A loose, making from *Malta*; when the wind
Favouring their course, ere a full watch was
out,
Brought them inken of th' Turkes; your father
by
Their flags, knew them for foes, and freshly char-
ges
Upon their Admirall (till then victorious)
Who (after many) by one dangerous shot.
Receav'd 't wixt wind, and water, quickly sunck:
The rest (disabl'd by the former: and
More weakn'd by the latter fight) revenge,
Not vallour animated on; and now
A bloody fight begins; but seven short houres
Declares your father Victour: for the *Turke*

Beat

Beat out by new supply, clapps on all sail,
And flies; leaving their intended prize unto
Your father: who (proud that it was his fate,
To serve the Prince) makes himselfe known,
Supplies what warre had made deficient,
And takes leave: to whom *Sicanio*, thus:
Valliant *Pausanio*, our great Preserver,
May heav'n be just in sending thee like streit!
Not that we wish thee ill; but that we may
Express our gratitude, for this deliverance,
And your great love:
For all our lives, and force of Sicilly,
Are ty'd to your disposall: So, parted.
Now, *Martiano*, haste you thither, and make known
To him your griefes; and if that he be noble,
Now's the time to shew it.
*Mart.* But if in case, alleadging he is friend
To *Florence*, he deny me his assistance!
*Hipol.* T'were sin to doubt his Princely word
—— how'ere,
Upon your first advise of ill success,
I'le have the duke dispatch'd; and 't will be safe.
For, in your absence, what suspition can
Move any to thinke you interested therein;—— ha?
*Mart.* Rare, above thought! my constant letters
Shall acquaint you withall passages:
I will away to night; the wind sits faire.
*Hipol.* Indeed your business doth require wings.

Success waite on you? ——— *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ausonius and Lucebella her Clothes changed.*

*Auso.* This better change, will much rejoyce your
Brother; who, 'bove his owne, preferrs your wellfare.

*Luceb.* May it prove wroth his joy; I rather feare.
My greefes encrease, than their redress —— I go
Unwillingly —— and yet I know not why ——
But 'tis the Princess swayes me. *To them*
*Auso.* See *Martiano's* come to waite upon you thither. *Mart.*

*Mart.* To Court! rather to a Bordello ——— Sister,
This bravery becomes you well — yea and abroad ———
But best at home: let not my plainness cause
Your amazement! the duke hath undermin'd you,
And wants but putting to the burning match,
Or blowing up your honour:
Anon you shall know more; I must this night
For Sicilly; my deare Ausonius
Will supply my roome, till my returne. whom I
(By letters) will enforme of all proceedings —— away.

*Luceb.* Is this the joy! will unkind fate for ever

Lowr'e

Lowr'e! is there no mitigation!
*Mart.* Be wisely patient! or you betray
My else-sure revenge.
*Anso.* Now thou speakest like my friend.
*Mart.* But I lose precious time;
In, and know all: oh gods, be now but just!
Then shall this lustfull flame burne him to dust.
*Desinit Actus Secundus.*

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## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Honorio and Rosania.*

*Hono.* LAdy, your seeming cruelty, hath much.
Afflicted me, but your now reall promise
Of mutuall amity, and protestation
That 'twas but for a trial of my faith,
Dissolves my frozen hopes to melting joy: and heart
I do present you with the constant'st heart.
That purest vowes, e're plighted to a Maid ——
*Sallute.*
*Rosa.* 'Tis but exchang'd for one, whose as firme faith
Resolves the chastest love, that virgin-blushes
Ever betray'd to Man.
*Hono.* May permanent felicity crowne both,
Our resolutions! Madam, your perswasive reasons.

Command me patience till the Princeſs leave,
And your then ready love, ſhall perfect this
Our begun happineſs: in th' interim,
I will endeavour ſome quaint ſtratageme.
To ſhame my brace of boaſters, whoſe jactations,
Have, with your modeſty, abus'd my paſſion.

*Roſa.* The very project my ſlight vengeance aim'd at:
Would 'twere affected!

*Hono.* Oh doubt it not! their policy's not ſo preventive,
But we may eaſily compaſs it:
Only, thus farre, be pleas'd to be aſſiſtant;
When that *Vatinius* courts you, let your praiſe
Be of Fumante, and his Poetry:
And when Fumante, *Vatinius* in your eyes
A compleat Courtier, and becomes his clothes
Be beſt in *Florence*: and for the reſt, let me alone:

*Roſa.* I ſhall obſerve: and ſo I take — my leave. *Exit Roſa*

*Hono.* All joyes waite on you: now for my mimique gallants. *To him Fum. & Carlo.*

And luckily heeres one, fretting, as if ſome buſy
Waſpe, had with her ſtinging tayle, offended his
Worſhipps noſe; unſeene, I will obſerve him. *Hono: behind the Arraſs.*

*Fuman.* It can not bee.

*Carlo.* 'Tis credibly ſo reported Sir.

*Fuman.* *Vatinius* marry her?

What,

What, in the name of merit, can her eye
Discover in that indigested lumpe,
Worthy so sweet a purchase? but uncase
His diseas'd body, and the dullest eye
Will soone perceave what a Consumption
Intemperance hath bred there: out of boots,
His legs are, but a booty for a Buzzard.
And, but take off his artificiall lockes
The french men (that first wanted) first invented;
And 'gainst the sun perspicuously you may
See, what a plenteous lacke of brains,
His neddl's stor'd with; which causes him conceit himselfe a compleat gentleman.

*Hono.* How right his malice hath deserib'd em both!

*Carlo.* What imperfections gay apparell covers?

*Fuman.* True: whilst deserving vertue, unregarded,
Walkes in a thred bare vestment.

*Hono.* This is observable: 'tis not the goodly out-side speakes a man.

*Carlo.* But I have heard, Sir, that he's possess'd with a very great.
Estate; and who hath wealth hath all things: he
Shall be reputed virtuous, valiant, noble, wise,
What not? and questionless 'tis that she aymes at: as for
His defects, she may (as other Ladys) supply them in
A proper, able, well limb'd, gentile usher, who with

Alacrity and fidelity shal discharge his office, to
The no small contentment of his Madam; yet
Seemingly be-check'd, and rayl'd on in his fellows
Presence, for now performance of his duty.

*Hono.* A bitter knave.

*Fum.* But are there, who do so?

*Carlo.* Are there? why where will you find a Lady that doth
Not so? (I mean, I Florence) nay worse in sport
With their Marmosits, and smooth skin'd doggs,
A beastly quality for a Lady: though the now frequent
Custome of it; lessens the crime.

*Fum.* Well, it vexeth me beyond all patience, to be
Thus affronted, by such a worthlesse Widgeon;
Would I durst fight with him!

*Hono.* 'T would prove a foule Combat; a woodcock with
A widgeon.

*Carlo.* Why sir, what should cause your feare? upon my
Knowledge, the sight of a drawn sword wil make him swound.

*Fum.* I will not trust him: nor is it good jesting with
Edg'd tooles.

*Carlo.* Yet have I seen you quarrell; and on the Piazza, Drew

Draw upon a gentle man, for ſmiling ( as you thought )
At your new faſhion'd hatt, or ſpurre leather: and with
Vociferous language, threaten inevitable ſlaughter.

*Fum.* 'Thats been, when ſome have held me, then?

*Carlo.* Thats very true —— and he without a ſword too (*aſide.*

*Fum.* Nay I dare quarrell with the beſt; and with uncivill
Language abuſe any man; nay I dare yet goe
Farther ( rather then be thought a coward ) ſend
A challenge; but under hand, take up the quarrel,
Though at th' expence of a Collation of tenne
Piſtoletts. I can't endure theſe dangerous paſſado's.

*Carlo.* But if, with honour the affronted cannot put it
Up but you muſt fight, or be eſteemed puſillanimous,
How then?

*Fum.* Then I acquit him with the ſevere law's 'gainſt
Duels, and what great want of judgement 'tis to
Undertake them, when for a ſlight word-reputation,
We commit a murther, yet not obtaine our vengeance

Without losse of our own lives, which meere temerity
Forfeits unto the Law; requesting him to entertaine
The Noblest thoughts of me, I am a Gentleman,
Ready to give best satisfaction when but call'd in
Question, on any ground, but Tuscany; where the too
Rigorous lawes makes it unsafe to combat, &c.

*Carlo.* This may prevaile with some: but say he be implacable?

*Hono.* I how then?

*Fum.* Why then, with politique patience, I resolve rather
To suffer a dry private beating, which breaks no bones;
Than run th' arischa of my life, with dangerous poking.

*Hono.* I shall try your temper.

*Carlo.* Then y' are resolv'd to let him have your Mistrisse?

*Hono.* No Ile forbid the baines.

*Fum.* Not so: but, first, I'le hear this newes confirm'd,
And then I may doe something: meane time you
Must give out that *Lucebella*'s desperately sicke.
It is the Lord *Hipolito*'s Command: their's a reward——

*Exit Carlo.*
*To Fum. Hono.*

*Hono. Fumante*, met as wish'd!

*Fum.*

*Fuman.* What is *Honorio*'s pleasure?

*Hono.* To pleasure you, my friendship hitherto
hath still confirm'd it.

*Fuman.* VVhich ever I've acknowledg'd, and for which
I place you next my heart.

*Hono.* And theirs a peace of service now in my power,
VVill deserve that place; if you dare venter on't,
But I erre to Question, knowing your courage, and
Impavid spirit; when honour bids you On.

*Fum.* I both have propensitude to dare, and power to do.
Say! what ist?

*Hono.* *Vatinius*, whom fame gives out for truth
Shall wed *Rosania*, conceives that you
Have grossely injur'd him; for it appears
She now begins, to slight him, of which neglect
He judges you the Author; because
Flowting him to his face; for the bad wearing
Of his good cloaths, she emulates your garbe;
Vituperating his dull courtship, applauds
Your fluent veine; reputes him worthlesse, and
Your self deserving; and upon this ground's
Resolv'd to challenge you to single Combat.
Now if my friendly counsell (only tending
To your dear credit, and future good) may
Be prevalent; 'twere not amiss you did prevent
His peremptory challenge with another;

VVhich

VVhich greatly must disanimate him; denoting
You are truly sensible of the wrong he hath done you,
In basely skandalizing your merit to your Mistresse.
——*Oh! oche torto?*——which he
Hath often in my hearing done: so shall
You justly chastise vice, and re-obtaine *Rosania's* favour.
*Fum.* But there is danger in't.
*Hono.* No more then in beating an English Spannel, which
Will love you the better ever after for't. *Vanini.us* is
A true bred Courtier; and had rather see an evill
Spirit, then an unsheath'd Spado——however, let
Me know your place of meeting, and I'le see there
Shall be no bloud-shed: for a wholsome beating
Will doe him most good, nor would I have you
Purple your bright sword, in bloud of a poore Coward
'Twere dishonour.
*Fum.* I am resolv'd.
*Hono.* The time, and place?
*Fum.* Sixe in the Evening, in the grove behind the pallace. You'l

You'l not faile to meet!

*Hono.* Faile! —— I sweare I would not miss the sport
For any good —— yet use him gently —— for I pitty him.
Onely it is against my honest nature to heare my Friend abus'd, and see so sweet a beauty subject Her selfe to such a glorious nothing —— when Suggested to't, only, by fraudulent information.

*Fum.* I'le enforme him, and reforme him too,

*Hono.* 'Twould prove an easier tasque to teach an english.
Beare speak French —— you say you think she loves you!

*Fum.* Thinke!

*Hono.* And hath bestowed upon you many favours!
As leave to kisse her hand ——

*Fum.* Her hand!

*Hono.* Yes! that's a favour: but I understand you —— you
Have been more familiar, you are happy! ——
And she hath grac'd your many presents with Her kind acceptance!

*Fum.* She hath

*Hono.* And all this *Vatinius* contradicts —— oh lying Rascal!

*Fum.* I'le contradict him, and presently about it ——
You will not faile to meet?

*Hono.*

*Hono.* Doubt it not! ——— but when you have greateſt need ——— Be confident I'le prove a broken reed. ——— { *Exit Fumante.* { *Exit Honorio.*

*Enter Hipol. and Lucebella.*

*Hipol.* You could have lov'd him then!

*Luceb.* Before he fell from vertue, as my ſelfe
Divided, might affect the other halfe.
But ſince ſtain'd with corruption,
His memorie's moſt loathſome.

*Hip.* Whence then proceeds this ſtrong oppugnance to
My faire propoſition, efflagitation? if from your hate?
Be, what your angel-form doth ſeem to ſpeak
You, merciſull! and with one ſtroke diſpatch
Me, and my greefes! but ſay, I cannot love you;
And that ſubverting blaſt, ſhall (in a trice)
Shake my hie flaming heart to frigid earth
So eaſe me: whereas mercileſſe delay
But torment adds unto affliction:
Say (Lady) doe you hate me!

*Luceb.* That were to make me worſe then ingratefull,
No (my Lord) I cannot be ſo irreligious, as
To hate the man that loves me; I do honour
Your great vertue, and with a perfect zeale
Reſpect your worth: be then but confident

Of your own merit, you may be assur'd
You have an equal interest in my heart,
With any he that breathes: but for reply
To your great suite, thus. ——
By that firme love, your seeming pious vows
Induc'd me to believe most reall, and
By what's more deare to you, urge it no further
For I've no power to grant, what you request.
*Hip.* Madam you much amaze me.
*Luceb.* I've vow'd virginity (my Lord) till it shall please
Hard fate to be more gentle, and exchange
My injur'd father's infortunity,
For's former dignities; it misbecomes
My sad condition to entertain, till then,
Least hope of joy: therefore (good Sir,)
Desist! my faithfull vow is fled beyond recall
*Hip.* Not the least word falls from that powerfull tongue
But doth predominate o're my strongest passion,
Teaching it subjection —— Madam,
I am all patience and obedience.
Yet give me leave to hope!
*Luceb.* My Lord, I would not be so sinfull, as
To counsell to despaire.
*Hipol.* Then, till another meeting shall revive me, divinest fairest,
Permit my loyall lippe, on your pure hand,
T'inscribe the figure of my perfect love,

Obvious

Obvious to none but you, that when those eyes,
(For this hands sake) do glance upon the print,
You may remember, reading there your servant——— *Exit.*

*Lucch.* As for the rest, I'le follow your advice.
The dukes unbridl'd lust rages beyond
Suppression, and (but for this brave Lord)
Had driven him hither, to my honours ruine:
Bad age! what dare not sinfull man attempt?
I must admit no visits, his report
Hath made me dangerously sick; which may
Worke with his wilde distemper, and preserve
My honour free from blemish; if that faile?
Heere is a noble hand that will——— preva ile. } *To her Ausonius*

*Auso.* Lady, you brother, with first favourable wind,
Will reach our Port; here's letters which advise
Of all occurrents, please you retier, and peruse them.
Your brothers letters have enform'd your father,
Of this designe, who connot long be absent.
I must, with speed, dispatch one to Legorne,
Unto my Substitute, to render up
The Fort to *Martiano*: 'tis of great importance:
The Prince, in person, to expresse his zeale
To your deserving father, with great power,
Accompanies my friend, and vowes redress.

*Lucch.*

*Luceb.* Heav'n thou haſt heard my ——— prayers. *Exit Luceb.*

*Anſo.* Immediately I follow.
*Martiano*, thou 'rt hitherto ſucceſsfull;
Nor would I have thy raſh credulity
O'rethrow this great deſigne, and ſo betray,
Thy weakeneſs to eternall ſhame:
Which to prevent I muſt detaine theſe letters
Directed to *Hipolito*; 'tis unſafe
To truſt his ſmoothneſs: if he be our friend?
We nobly ſhall embrace him, in ——— the end? *Exit Anſonius.*

*Enter Vatinius and Jacamo.*

*Vatin.* How look'd ſhe on thee? *Jacamo.*
*Jaca.* As a fleet ſtreet-Barber, on a twopenny Cuſtomer;
Or a Clyent-cloid Lawyer, on a halfe fee: bad me
Tell you, ſhe ſcorn'd your glorious jewell, and inglorious
ſelfe; only this ſhort precept, reliſht of kindneſs, if not of love.
*Vatin.* What was't?
*Jaca.* Marry to follow the example of *Fumante*; he's
A compleat Gentleman, and (in her eye)
The moſt deſerving man in Italy.
*Vatin.* Shame, andfeare poſſeſſe him! ——— heere ——— *gives him a letter.*

Deliver

Deliver this unto his proper hands.

*Jaca.* It would be strange, if this should prove a Challenge. { *Exit Iaca.*

*Vatin.* 'Tis as *Honoria* told me —— well I have follow'd.

His advice, upon his faithful promise of assistance,
But if he faile? —— *Fumante* will performe—
I shall be sure to have't how ever —— would,
'Twere to doe again! —— but her's *Honoria.* —— { *To him Hono.*

'Tis done my Lord.

*Hono.* Spoke like a Conquerour.

*Vatin.* But. ——

*Hono.* But what man?

*Vatin.* Nay, do not thinke I feare him!

*Hono.* Pugh! let Cowards feare!

*Vatin.* I so they doe —— (*Aside.*

*Hono.* And such, whose smutty soules the wildfier of
Foule guilt corrodes! (as it doth his) best innocence is guard against all danger.

*Vatin.* Yet I could wish ——— *Hono* What?

*Vatin.* I were more valliant —— *Aside.*
But 'tis no matter —— I am resolv'd. ——
Y'have past your word to beare me out? ——

*Hono.* I have; and will performe.

*Vatin.* Faith —— I have no stomack to't.

*Hono.* Even as you please: the shame will be your owne;
Yea; and the loss too: the loss of such a one,

as

As not the Court can parralell —— udds foote,
You'l make your ſelfe the common laughing
ſtock
To all the Pages, Lacqueys -- nay the Groomes
When they want matter to ſtirr up their mirth,
Will teithe out your name.

*Vatin.* Pages, Lacquyes, and the Groomes -----
hum ———

*Hono.* But, above all, *Fumante.*
(Whoſe heart's no bigger then a ſmall pin's head)
From this your feare, will collect courage, and
Every minute publiquely affront you;
Whereas your letter will make him looke
Farre paler then the paper, ſeconded
By an undaunted-Spirit.

*Vatin.* I marry —— there's it.

*Hono.* Sufficiently I've truly told you what he
is,
A meere man of March-peine; if you dare ven-
ture
On him? ſo: if not? and he deceave you of your
Miſtreſs,
It concerns not me: I have diſcharg'd the offic:
Of a friend; thinke on't! farewell!

*Vatin.* Nay Sir ——— I will meet him!
I'le not be beat, and laugh'd at too.

*Hono.* I'le want my will then ——— (*Aſide.*

*Vatin.* Yet he was a Commander, in the laſt
employment.

*Hono.* Why ſo might you, or any man had
money:

Desert not ever weares the Plume: he knew
There was no danger in't, yet certaine pay:
Such warres would make every faint heart
Turne ſouldier. Well prepare! the time drawes on.

*Vatin.* You'l meet at Six? I build upon your promiſe.

*Hono.* If I fail, ſlea me! Coraggio --- *Exeunt.*

*Enter Carlo, and Jacamo at two ſeveral doores, they meet haſtily, and joſtle.*

*Carlo.* Are you blind, you Buzard?

*Jaca.* Are you blind you Buzard?

*Carlo.* Is your Maſter at home?

*Jaca.* Is your Maſter at home?

*Carlo.* I have buſineſſe with him.

*Jaca.* I have buſineſs with him.

*Carlo.* Do you mocke me? ha?

*Jaca.* Do you mocke me? ha?

*Carlo.* Yes, my Maſter is at home.

*Jaca.* Yes, and my Maſter is at home.

*Carlo.* Y' are verry pleaſant, but I'le change your note.

*Jaca.* Say you ſo? then have with you. { *fight and hurt each other: then to them Hono.*

*Hono.* What uncivill broil is this! for ſhame put
Up your ſwords! the ſtreet's no place to quarrell in.
How fell yee out? (my honeſt friends)

*Carlo.*

*Carlo.* An't please your honour, I have a letter to deliver to *Vatmins*, whom this man serves; and fairely asking him Whether his Master were at home, or not? he ecctho'd still my words: I lov'd not to be jeer'd, and thus it grew.

*Jaca.* And I have another letter for *Fumante*, whom that man serves. I question'd him a like, but jeer'd him not: yet I could do no less then to defend my selfe.

*Hono.* A more fit occasion, I could not hope for —— (*Aside.*
That two such noble spirits, as your selves,
Should serve such worthless Patrones! ——
Heer's a reward —— I love to cherish virtue. { *gives money*

*Both.* We are your humble vassalls.

*Hono.* Come, come, joyne hands! your business to each. (*Shake hands,*
Others Master caus'd this mistake: be friends!

*Both.* Now we perceave it did.

*Hono.* And now I have a undertaking for yee, which perform'd, Ile make what I have given yee fifty pistolls.

*Both.* Do but command? 'tis done.

*Hono.* Well; first performe your Patrones charge! 'tis duty: then dress your wounds; which are not many, nor yet mortall: and two houres hence, downe in the walkes, behind the grand palazza, meet me! where I'le instruct yee.

*Both.* We shall attend your Lordship.

*Hono.* Be firme, and private!

*Both.* As your owne thoughts, Sir --*Exit Hono.*

*Carlo.* *Jacamo*, I cry thee mercy: w'are good friends again, I'le stay for thee at *Catarina's*, where I'le spend my crown, for confirmation of our after friendship.

*Jaca.* And I'le not faile to meet thee instantly -

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rosania, and Dianetta.*

*Rosania.* I much rejoyce to see this long wish'd alteration in your Lady: may heav'n, by a continuall addition of new comforts, confirme her joy.

*Dianetta.* I, with my soul, desire the same: poore Lady she doth need it.

*Rosa.* 'Twas much beyond my expectation (hearing the late report) to see so many decent smiles dimple her cheekes; and heare such pleasant accents flow from her long greefe-ty'd tongue.

*Dian.* Indeed the change was suddaine, yet for some private end, known only to her selfes; she desires a confirmation rather than contradiction, of this report.

*Rosa* I cannot keep so great a comfort from the Princess; but they're one soule.

*Dian.* How beares the duke his passion? they say he's neere distraction.

*Rosa*

*Rosa.* So please you walk, I'le tell you my opinion:
We must not misse the Combat, and the houre's at hand. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, as in his Chamber, attended by Hono. and others.*

*Duke.* What stare yee at? do yee make us your wonder?
Begon!
1. So please your Grace, ——————
*Duke.* Yes, it doth please us, leave us!
2. Wee obey —————— *Exeunt Attendants.*
*Hono.* I guess the cause of this distraction,
But must keepe seal'd my lips, untill his passion
Vent somewhat that may warrant my expression:
Wherefore, thus obscur'd, I will observe him ----
[*Behind the Arras*]
*Duke.* Can th' virgins, and their goodnes great protectess,
(Sacred *Diana*,) suffer foule disease,
(That fatall Minister of certain death)
T'enthrone himselfe, in the Majesticke-seat
Of my faire's rosie-excellence, and there
(With a tyrannicke--quatefaction) threat
The suddaine dissolution of so pure,
A vivid temple, where her honoured name
Lives with a reverentiall feare, yet not
Be mov'd to pitty? such an omission,
Forbid perfection! where's your wonted power

For your own glory, make it manifeſt!
Leſt your bare Altars know no Votarie.
*Hono.* If the leaſt treſpaſſe done to majeſty
Be treaſon, *Hippolito's* a Traytour in the higheſt.
*Duke.* But oh——my praye'r is ſin: All powerfull love,
'Tis your divinitie Mortalitie
Thus Rivals, death's an inamorat turn'd
And wo's, to's chill embraces, a beauty
Far fairer than thy Mother, quicke let flie
A leaden headed ſhaft procuring hate
In his cold breſt! leſt his, more ready, ſhould
Prevent thy veng'ance, and deprive thee of
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice that e're inrich'd
Thy hallow'd ſhrine——ſee where the gaſtly fiend
Sits proudly on her couch, and uncontroul'd
Sawcily courts her—— (may contagion
Be thy companion! and the horrid grave
Your place to couple in!) whilſt th' afflicted
Shrinks at his grim aſpect, and turns away
From's frozen-ſalutations——now he's mov'd
And levels at her heart——divineſt Love!
(*kneeles.*
Ceaze his deſtroying dart! and in its roome
Place thine of Gold, then wound him with his own,
Ev'n to deſtruction! ſo ſhalt thou prove

A

A glorious victor, I, she, live and love.
*Hono.* It is, as my prophetique soul inform'd me,
And now for my discovery (*To him Hono.*
*Duke.* How durst thou interrupt our privacy?
Have we no power?
*Hono.* But calme that stormy brow! your grace forthwith
Shall feele the ease I bring you.
*Duke.* Do'st thou mean to kill me?
*Hono.* Perish my soul! rather then prove a harbour
For such Rebellious thoughts.
*Duke.* Nay I believe thee loyall; but alas
My greefes are at that height, that nought but death
Can slack them.
If thou bring'st comfort? (good *Honorio*)
My needy soul lies open to receive it. Prethee speake!
*Hono.* I know your griefes; and therefore come to tell you
You are abus'd, and nourish in your breast
Infection that will kill you.
*Duke.* Leave this abstrusenesse, and be plaine!
*Hono.* 'Twil startle you, but your command's my warrant,
*Hippolito*'s a Traytor, and doth wrong
The royall trust your goodnesse hath repos'd

In him.

*Duke.* How's this! no more: y'are not a weary of
Your burdenous breath, that you thus wake our anger

*Hono.* Sir, what I've ſpoke, to th' laſt warme drop within me
I'le boldly juſtifie: nor i'ſt opinion,
Fond ſuppoſition, or regardleſſe malice,
Poorer revenge, or hope of ayry honour,
That thus imbold'ns me, but a religious care
My pious duty hath for your Highneſſe ſafety,
That 'tis truth; but honour my advice with your acceptance.
I will enforme your Majeſty a way
Shall make your eyes, and eares my witneſſes. { *To them* / *Hippolito.*

*Duke.* Thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt!

*Hono.* When I prove otherwiſe, may my perfidious trunke
On the diſgracefull tree, feed carrion!

*Duke.* I am reſolv'd! waite us within; but take heed!

*Hono.* My All lyes on't —— (*Exit Honorio.*

*Hip.* *Honorio*, ſo intimate! I like it not (*aſide.*

*Duke.* If he prove falſe, there is no faith in man;
Religion is but forme, and prayer hypocriſie

*Hip.* I can't expect the fruit of my laborious plots untill (*aſide.*

I h've

I h've made ſure *Martiano*; which now I will endeavour.
So pleaſe your Grace I have ſome words to ſpeak
Will———
*Duke.* Trouble us: our thoughts are taken up——— (*Exit Duke.*
*Hip.* Is it even ſo? —— then ——how am I chang'd
Timorous fleſh——why ſhak'ſt thou! ——— conſcience,
I know thee too---too ſoone ——— I'le after
And ſubmit to gentle mercy——but
My proud ſpirit rebels, and whiſpers me
Thou 'rt ſafe! —— Feare; thus I caſt thee off;
My ſoul hath but one partner in her ſecrets
And he's a tryed honeſt knave-------I'm yet ſecure;
Heav'n how this bug-bear conſcience did affright me *To him Fumant.*
*Fumante*, ſaw you the Duke!
*Fum.* He, and *Honorio*, are now in private conference.
*Hip.* Let your intelligence be ubiquitary!
There may be ſomething now compounding, that
We ſhall not reliſh: I like not this *Honorio*---
Have you heard nought fall from him might concern
The prejudice of our affaires!
*Fum.* But what I told your honour touching *Pauſanio.* *Hip.*

*Hip.* Better he had bin tongue-ty'd!
Pray let your care be waking! the time requires it—— (*Exit Hipo.*

*Fum.* Feare not! my gratious Lord!
What from *Vatinius*! (*Reades.*

*Fumante*, If our proverb be true, that sayth, there is no smoak but where ther's some fire, you should be valiant; for your denomination as well as action, denotes you to be vapour; consequently full of choller: Whether that be, or no vallour! I dispute not: our Suddaine tryall will prove the better Touch-stone. That you have affronted me, and grocely, is, and that I will be revenged for the affront, shall be, most certaine: therefore at sixe in the evening, in the grove of Sicamores, expect such fury, as provoked justice can inflict on so notorious an offender! which is (at least) death, by the hand of the injur'd, and therefore enraged *Vatinius.*
I cannot doubt *Honioro*'s friendship,
I will meet him, and the hour's at hand (*Exit.*

*Rosa and Dianetta, in the Musique room.*

*Rosa.* From this balcone, we shall behold all passages.

*Dian.* Pray heav'ns they doe no harme!

*Rosa.* Hang 'hem painted parrats! they'l but prate.
But who be these?

*Enter* Hono, *Carla*, *Jaco with disguizes.*

Hono. Why this is all.

For

For both are so hen hearted——
That I much doubt if one dare look on th' other.
*Jaca.* I'le sweare for one, if t' other doe but frowne?
*Carlo.* And I as much for t' other.
*Hono.* Ther's it: then but consider th' insupportable abuse.
They've put upon the Lady, and my selfe;
Yet must confesse, yet truly, my revenge
Is too—— too—— mercifull.
*Both.* In truth, and so it is.
*Hono.* Nor shall ye pleasure me alone, but both your Patrons: when each (like a good servant) shall beat his Master's Enemy; which themselves, will be afraid to doe: besides revenge the hurts you have received; through their occasion.
*Jaca.* It will be rare.
*Carlo.* But then we lose our service.
*Hono.* Leave that to me! for there's the trophy of my revenge.
I'le make 'em thank yee too——
*Both.* That would be fine i'faith.
*Hono.* I'le doe't——but I hear footing.
That hedge will keep you secret { *Goe behind the Hangings.*

*Enter Vatinius.*

*Vatin.* This is the place; but no Fortune come:
If 'twere but possible he were more fearfull
Than my selfe, and stay away—— what honour, I might win.

*Hono.*

*Hono.* I'le spoile your growing hopes, hum, hum, hum.

*Vatin.* But oh vaine hope! —— that was his voice.

*Rosa.* How the wretch trembles!

*Vatin.* My Executioner is come ——

But no *Honoria* to reprieve me *To him Fumante.*

*Hono.* He's come indeed!

*Vatin.* Would I were well at home! but ther's no flinching.

*Fuman.* He's yonder, and descries me: ther's no retyring, (*Aside,*

Now should *Honorio* faile? I'm lost.

*Vatin.* I must set a face 'ont: —— Sir, you keepe touch. (*Both draw.*

*Fuman.* I'm not behind the hour you prefix'd.

*Vatin.* Nor would I mispend time, now you are come,

You cannot but imagine the cause of this our meeting.

*Fuman.* Not on your part: but I come to receave.

Strict satisfaction, for disgraces, which

Your forward tongue, in the hearing of my Mistress,

(The faire *Rosania*) most unworthily.

Have put upon me.

*Vatin.* He meanes to fight —— (*Aside.*

Can you as well acquit your selfe, of the ignoble wrongs committed by your selfe, unworthily,

ly, 'gainſt me? as I of what you charge me with;
this meeting, rather will confirme our former
friendſhip, then breed farther difference.

*Fuman.* I'm glad 'tis come to this ---- (*Aſide.*

*Hono.* I'le breake that union.

*Vatin.* As I'm a Gentleman! ----

*Roſa.* Oh fearefull proteſtation!

*Vatin.* I ever honour'd you; wherefore could
not detract.
From your deſert: then but relinquiſh claime
Unto *Roſania* (for I have her promiſe)

*Roſa.* Oh ſhameleſs impudence!

*Vatin.* And I'le remaine your ſervant.

*Fuman.* The firſt I credit, but the latter hon-
our forbids.

*Vatin.* Then let our ſwords decide it ------
oh for *Honoria!* (*Aſide.*

*Fuman.* Stay! ---- a pox on my credulity!
this is no Coward. (*Aſide.*
I hate theſe idle quarrells touching women.

*Vatin.* I hope he will compound ---- (*Aſide.*

*Fuman.* Not that I doubt the juſtneſs of my
cauſe,
Or feare your naked ſteel: the world knows me.

*Hono.* Yes, for a fearefull Coxcombe.

*Fuman.* But that I would not kill a friend for
ſuch a triffle.
Yet give I up no intereſt; but if
You'l be content with her owne verdict, we'l
Referre our ſelves to her, yet ſave our honours.

*Vatin.*

*Vatin.* 'Tis not unreasonable; agreed. ——

*Enter Car: and Ja: their swords drawne, and in each other hand a cudgell; they disarme them, then shifft hands, and beate; and kicke them Ja: to Fum: Car: to Vatinius.*

*Hono.* On! spare 'um not ——

*Car: Jaca.* Ye must not part so calmly.

*Vatin.* We are betray'd; the Guard.

*Fuman.* This is *Honorio's* falshood.

*Carlo.* Will not you yeeld your sword then?

*Vatin.* Yes, yes most willingly: oh, oh,

*Jaca.* Yee must be fighting? —— yee shall have fighting.

*Fuman.* Not wee! oh —— I protest not we! —— oh-

*Vatin.* Nay (good Sirs) it is sufficient!

*Car: Jaca.* Not yet —— not yet.

*Fum: Vat.* Oh, oh, oh ---- mercy Gentlemen!

*Jaca.* My toes are wearied.

*Carlo.* So are my armes.

*Vatin.* I'm sure my backe parts are —— (*Aside.*

*Jaca.* Wee yet dare hardly trust yee in one roome;

Yee must be severally imprison'd.

*Fum: Vat.* Imprison'd? *To them Hono.*

*Carlo.* Yes: know yee not, that 'tis gainst law to fight a duell?

*Vatin.*

*Vatin.* Oh my good lord, unleſs you now befriend us,
We muſt to priſon.
*Hono.* Then yee have fought?
*Vatin.* Not we.
*Fum.* Yet have bin ſoundly beaten.
*Hono.* Truſt me, I could come no ſooner, but for a ſmall
Matter I'le undertake to free ye from theſe Catchdolts.
*Fum.* Wee'l give any reaſonable conſideration.
*Vatin.* Yea, and thank 'em too; ſo we eſcape.
*Hono.* I'e motion't to 'em: they are of my acquaintance. *They whiſper,*
*Roſa. Dianetta*, let us deſcend! and laugh at 'em.
*Jaca.* My Lord you may command us.
*Hono.* I muſt acknowledge it a Courteſy.
I have prevail'd; for too double piſtolls, yee are free:
But you muſt take it for a favour too.
*Vatin.* Oh by all meanes.
*Fuman.* There's, Gentlemen, for each 20 good quadruples,
With many thanks ——— *Enter Ladies.*
*Roſ: Dian.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
*Vatin.* The Lady's ---- oh for a charitable halter! (*Aſide.*
*Fuman.* Now could I wiſh my ſelfe any thing but my ſelfe (*Aſide.* *Roſa.*

*Rosa.* Nay, never hang the head! your insolence hath
Well deserv'd it: and now my verdict:
I hate yee both, as do the Scoti a py'd-Protimyst;
And this is my election —— [*Salutes Honoria.*
*Vatin.* Is it even so? then hang the head indeed!
Why we are both deceav'd.
*Hono.* What think you now of kissing her white hand? *To Fumante.*
You more then think she loves you.
*Rosa.* Ha, ha, ha ha,
*Dian.* No more my Lord; I pitty the poore Gentlemen.
*Vatin.* She should be free, because pitti- —— full. (*Aside.*
I'le trie her constitution.
*Hono.* I should have done my selfe, what these tall.
Men have perform'd for me; but I knew they
Would use yee more gently --- know yee your tormentors? *Discovers Car: Jac.*
*Fuman. Carlo?*
*Vatin Jacamo?*
*Car: Ja.* The very same:
*Fum. Vatin.* Oh our shame!
*Hono.* I see you are truly penitent; if now,
Yee but assent to what I shall propound,
Wee'l hide your equall shames in privacy.
*Fum. Vatin.* As you are noble?

*Hono.*

*Hono.* Upon my honour.

*Fum: Vat.* Bee't what it will we both conſent.

*Hono.* Receave then into grace again your ſervants!

They are ſtout fellows, and what each hath done,
Hath bin but for his Patrone.

*Car: Jaca.* Wee humbly thank your Lordſhip.

*Fum. Vat.* We pardon both; and beg the like of yee.

*Hono.* Yee have it; and hereafter be more carefull
Of your honour! then y' are well.

*Roſa.* And pray remember that it ſtill hath bin
An approv'd *Maxim*, ſhame will follow ſin. *Exeunt.*

*Deſinit Actus Tertius*

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## Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke ſolus, in habit of a Fryer.*

*Duke.* THis ſeeming-ſanctity couzens the world
As did the ſoft words that (with power) fell
From the ſmooth tongue of that falſe Traytour, Me.
I walke inviſible to any's knowledge,
And (through *Honorio*'s counſell) have diſcover'd

Treasons, which my too charritable faith
Could never have receav'd for truth; if not
My selfe confirm'd the certain: witness?
Ingratefully-presumptious-Man,
If thy sublime thoughts throw thee from that
hight
Where my deceav'd love plac'd thee? may thy
fall
Live a preventive-patt'rne with thy folly
For th' age to come! thou art worth no mans pitty. *Showt with in, sound drum and Trumpet. To him*
What meane these loud, and suddaine acclamations? *Hono.*
*Hono. Martiano*, and the heire of Sicillie,
With hostile troupes, invaded have the towne;
The castle's, by *Ausonius*, yeelded up
To farther their designe: with them take part,
Th' inconstant Cittyzens, whose forward fayth,
Rul'd by their strong perswasions, much doth
doubt
The justness of *Pausanio*'s banishment,
And have resolv'd remission of his doome:
Disorder throngs the streets; yet no bold-hand,
Mannaging the rude sword, dare disobey
Its brave Commanders noble charge, but all
Enjoy their owne with quiet: the spatious Court,
With every narrow-cantone, only is
Examin'd for your person, by the Gennerall;
Who greeves for your escape: *Hipolito*.
(The cheefest Agent in this proud attempt)

Is of their bosome counsell, and (I feare)
Intends a farther mischiefe --- what's to be done?
*Duke.* My joyes are yet above my griefes; and I
Bless gratious heav'n (zealous of its owne glory)
That destin'd thee the pious instrument
To guard me from their malice: 'tis apparent
The Gods take part with us, whose purer wills
Abhorre the opposition of humane
Policy: wherefore, in this disguize,
I'le live obscur'd, untill that Industrie
Have satisfi'd my curiosity, in all particulars.
*Hono.* It cannot but be safe.
*Duke* What? *Lucebella* takes me for no other,
Then Padre *Stephano*, my reverend Confessour?
*Hono.* She, and your Princely sister, still remaine
In that desir'd errour.
*Duke.* 'Tis well: hath she not yet seene her rebellious brother?
*Hono.* Not yet.
*Duke.* 'Tis fit that we be present at their meeting. ——— *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sica. Mart: Hipol: Leon. Anso. Fum. Souldiers, Cittyzens.* { *Drumme beates a March within.*

*Sicanio.* Silence the noise of that disturbing-drumme!
And not a souldier, upon paine of death,
Exceed our given Commission! we intend
No lesse then honour warrants. --- *Exit Lecntinus.*
*Cittyzens.* 'Tis noble as your selfe.

*Sicanio.* Having, by *Martiano*, understood
The reall cause of our just undertaking;
It must appear impertinent, to trouble
Your Wise eares, with needless repetition:
Wherefore (assur'd of your full satisfaction)
Each may depart, unto his peacefull home,
And there, (without the least suspitious thought)
Possess what fate hath given him.

*Cittyzens.* Long live *Sicanio!* [*Enter Leontine.*]

*Martiano.* Grave Cittyzens, and loving Countrimen,
We seek not furtive spoile, or thirst for blood;
Nor shall th' ill tutour'd souldier, scare your faces,
Force your deare wives; but each injoy his spouse
As he was wont: the untouch'd virgin may
Yet sleepe securely, and not feare a rape;
For not the meanest man, among these many,
But vallues honour above sinfull gaine;
Rest satisfi'd with this, and all retyre
Unto your proper dwellings! but, withall,
Pray be retentive of those burd'nous wrongs
Your good old Generall (who hath hug'd danger,
To purchase your dear safetys) now's oppress with:
And if our mildness, with your justice meet,
The Warrs are ended, and yee most discreet.

*Cittyzens.* *Martiano*, shall have justice, *Martiano* shall have justice. *Exeunt-Cittyzens.*

*Mart.* To each my equall thanks.

*Enter.*

*Enter Ja; Luceb: Duke, Hono. Roſanio, Dianetto.*

*Anſo.* See friend, the Princeſſe. and your Siſter { *Mart. kiſſes Julia's hand and Salutes Luceb.*

*Sicanio.* Should my diſcourteous fate deny my heart
Admittance, yet my dazl'd eyes have leave
Freely to wonder, though my prophane thoughts
Cannot conceive the excellence dwells there.
Surely divinity hath choſe reſidence
With fraile mortality, for all the vertues
Poets have ſtellifi'd, at once, ſhine there:
She approaches ——— *Martiano*, have you the
Honour to call this beautious Lady, Siſter?

*Mart.* Royall Sir, I have.

*Sicania.* I ſweare thou 'rt happy! happy beyond expreſſion!
I'm loſt in midſt of conqueſt ——— (*Aſide.*

*Julia.* A goodly Gentleman! ——— (*aſide.*

*Sicanio.* Firſt (faire ſweetneſſe) let my rude Salute
Expreſſe the fervent zeale I had to ſerve you;
Leſt you, with thanks anticipate, what was but duty. (*Kiſſes Luceb.*
The Phœnix boiles with Wormwood----all Odours
Aromaticall breathe there. (*aſide.*

*Mart.* Sir, the Princeſs.

*Sicanio.* Madam, if that my miſplac'd ſallutations have

Deserv'd your hard construction? think upon
Your equall glories! and the thought thereof
Will reconcile the errour to your favour.

*Julia.* Great Sir, it was but justice; therefore needs no Apology: (*aside.*
If that my jealous feares prove true? her eyes
Already have exhal'd his melting heart,
And, left behind, my ruine.

*Mart.* Father, at more convenience,
We shall desire farther conference;
Till when, let the pure truth, I've utter'd win
A creditable room in your opinion.
For by my fixed hope of future blisse!
My thoughts were all innocuous.

*Duke.* Enough; and so were his. I kept the Key,
That open'd, to my view, the treasury
Of his rich soul; have search'd th' intrinsik 'st part thereof,
But never found a sin so damnable, lodg'd there:
You'l find he is abus'd. (*aside.*

*Hip.* This Fryar may worke much mischiefe,
If not timely prevented!

*Luceb.* Royall Sir, } *Duke gives a sealed*
The high summ'd } *Parchment to Hippolito,*
debt, due to your } *he reads, then shews it.*
noble goodnesse,
Greatly exceeds all language, or acquittance;
All I can pay your bounty, is true thanks,
Sent from an humble heart devoted to

Your

Your Princely vertue, thoſe I'le bring you dayly;
Nor ſhall I doubt of your faire acceptation,
Since the pleaſ'd gods expect no other offering
For the large-all-they lends us.

*Sicanio.* 'Tis the voyce of ſome ſweet tongu'd Cherubin
My ſenſe is bleſt with! —— Gratious Madam, deigne
Me but the glorious title of your ſervant
And the reward's paſt merit.

*Luceb.* I ſhall be proud to be your highneſs hand-maid.

*Julia.* Oh, who would not! (*aſide*
I feele the pangs of tyrant love already.

*Sicanio.* And (beautious madam) though we came with power *To Julia.*
(Expecting oppoſition) threatning ruine;
Baniſh all thought of feare! for the ſharpe poynts
Of our yet peacefull ſwords, ſhall vulnerate
Each one his owners breſt, before diſturb
Your quiet; we brought with us, love link'd with
Reſolution; and were your brother here?
He were as freely ſafe from outward harme,
As where he is: though plac'd within the Altar.

*Duke.* He hath a noble ſoule. (*aſide.*

*Julia* Your power is great indeed: but if you bring
Love to aſſociate it? I find no cauſe

Why I should doubt or feare.
My jealousie imboldn'd me beyond civility——
But it hath eas'd my heart. (*aside.*
'Tis the Dukes character and { *Mart. Auso.*
Signet how came you by it? { *Hono. Fum.*
*Duke.* Himselfe, it seems, did on set purpose
leave it
Upon my study table: when he came
Last to confession.
*Hip.* Gentlemen, examine it no farther! but
elect
Among yee one more fit! it is too great
An undertaking, for so weak a man
As my unable selfe: alass (my lords)
My humble thoughts, accompanied with quiet,
Doe trembling-look at soverainty, nor would
They be intreig'd it'h great affaires of state:
But in the private contentation they
Doe now enjoy, would period their date
*Fumante.* Uds will, don't refuse it! would
'twere proffer'd me! (*Aside.*
*Hip. Martiano, Ausonius, Honorio,* none but's
more fit
Then I.
The Dukes command must be { *Mart. Auso Ho-*
obey'd. { *no. Fum.*
*Hip.* Will no perswasions take place?
Beare witnesse heav'n, with what unwillingnesse
I doe receive this enforc'd honour!
*Duke.* Finely dissembled——. (*Aside.*

*All*

*All.* Long live Hippolito—— (*Flourish.*

*Hip.* My thanks to all : and ſince it is my fate
To undergoe this glorious yoke, I ſhall
Endeavour by the purchaſe of your loves,
To make't ſeeme light. What's now amiſſe 'ere long
Shall have redreſſe.
Meane while, let our beſt entertainment ſpeak
This royal ſtrangers welcome. } *Exeunt Omnes*
*Sicanio.* Your nobleneſſe en- } *ſed Dux.*
deares us.

*Duke.* As Miſers in a phantaſm, enjoy
A maſſe of goodly treaſure, upon which
Their fond imaginations do feed, untill
The ſleepy God ( diſpos'd to mock their hopes )
Unlock their abus'd-ſenſes; when awak'd
And miſſing their ſuppoſ'd-- poſſeſſion, they
Do greeving-wiſh that their deluded fancies
N'ere had fabrick'd ſo brave a guilded-Nothing
So thy ſhort dreame of dignity expir'd
(Vaine glorious man) thou'lt repent the ſuſception;
When thou, too late, ſhalt wiſh thy winged thoughts
Had flown at lower diſtance, and not dar'd
A flight ſo neere the beames of Majeſtie.
This condeſcended power, can't but prove
The temper of his mind; and if I find

His

His inclination close with my great doubt,
I must appeare my selfe, and roote him out—— { *Exit Duk.*

*Enter* Vatinius *solus.*

*Vat.* A reasonable man, would think I had bin beaten sufficiently, to make my rampant flesh lie couchant: I'le be sworne there's scarse roome left for a single solde, about my body, of its native hew, but all's soffisticated by th' abusive cudgel, and yet all will not doe——I have an extreame itching to be mounting some Court Madam, and (above the rest) *Dianetta*, whose late compassion promis'd very fairely, were't but effected; were quit with my poetique rival, I have resolv'd to trye the encounter, and first, I'le prove her temper with rich presents; which grac'd by her reception, accesse must follow——however, 'tis but disgesting of a denyall---or (at worst) another beating; which, when a man's once us'd to, seems nothing: and see where luckely she comes oh for this winning language. *To him Dianetta.*
Lady if my request come not unseasonable,
I shall importune your seeming haste t' afford
Me some few minutes conference.

*Dian.* For present, pray excuse me; my affairs are now important.

*Vatin.* I shall awaite your leisure,

Mean

Mean time, ſo pleaſe your goodneſſe to enrich
This poore gemme, by your wearing; the donatour
Will hold himſelfe much honour'd, and remaine
The humbleſt of your Creatures.

*Dian.* It were diſcourteſie (kind Sir) to ſlight
So free a proffer; and although I hold
My ſelfe incapable of merrit; yet
I Queſtion not the worth of you the giver,
But ſhall retaine it till convenience ſhall
Acquaint me with your further pleaſure——

*(Exit Dianetta.*

*Vatin.* She muſt be mine! though gon, I feel her comming *Exit Vatin.*

*Enter Hipolito ſolus.*

*Hipol.* Th' aboundant joyes my almoſt fated breſt
Conceives for this unlook'd for greatneſſe, ſwels
My jocund heart to ſuch a boundleſs height
That the ſtretch'd ſtrings would crack, if 'twere not for
This private vent? Courteous ſtars I thank yee!
Nor will I eaſily part with your free gift,
No, no, 'tis of too great a price: what can
Be more contentive then ſupreamacie?
To have ſuch numerous payres of ſervile eyes
Attend our nod! as many plyant knees,
Bow at our beck! officious feet to move
With ſwifteſt pace to execute our will!
And the whole court, in competition, for

Our

Our coveted regard! ha? ift not brave?
I faith it is! once more (kind ſtars) I thank yee!
And then to ſteere the helme of the great ſtate,
What courſe we ſhall think fit, or throw down
Or raiſe, when, whom we pleaſe can there be bliſſe
On earth exceeds this? Liberall Fate,
Still I muſt thank thy bounty—Now the way
To keep in this bleſt ſtate—(for 'tis eſteem'd.
No leſſe policy to preſerve then purchaſe)
Muſt be the *Dukes* remove; which might be done
With ſafety, and facility, could I learn
Out his abode? which promiſes may win
From his late confeſſor (for ther's hypocriſie
Even in ſanctity) whom I muſt employ
In other weighty matters, which if fate (*Exit.*
Proſper for heav'n, I ſcarce would change eſtate

*Duke.* However, her profeſſion, hitherto,
*Enter Duke and Julia.*
Speaks her ſo much your friend, that I believe
When ſhe ſhall know, by me, 'tis in her power
To further this your love; her gratitude
(Conſulting with her nobleſt thoughts) will counſell
Her brave ſoule, rather to dye Loves Martyr,
Then live eſteem'd ingratefull.

*Julia.* That were a cruel kindneſſe—Reverend Sir,
Be but memorative of what I've told you!
And 'tis ſufficient——— (*Exit Julia.*

*Duke.* Poor *Julia!* we're ally'd by 'our hard fortunes
Well

Well as bloud; nor doe the cauſes differ, you
Purſuing, with a furious love, my rivall
And I yours; yet neither's zeale reſpected.
Ther's yet away to prevent all——the Prince.——
*To him Sicanio and Martiano*
*Mart.* Will not your grace acquaint me with your griefe?
'Tis not impoſſible, but I may eaſe you.
*Sican.* Thou mighſt do much indeed!
*Mart.* Why? doe you doubt my faith?
Then I conjure you, by thoſe many vows
So freely made to me of conſtant friendſhip, to diſcloſe
Your troubled thoughts! leſt I juſtly ſuſpitious
That my beſt deeds have found no credit with you;
Do, with this deſperate poynt, rip up my breſt
For you to find the errour.
*Sican.* It ſhall not need; I know it full of worth;
But oh——thy Siſter——thy Siſter, *Martiano*——
*Mart.* What of her?
*Sican.* I love thy beautious Siſter; whoſe election
I fear hath promis'd future happyneſs
To ſome one more deſerving.
*Mart.* Your equall breathes not.
*Sican.* Yes.
*Mart.* Who?
*Sican.* *Hipolito*: and now you know the very cauſe, aſſiſt Me

Me with your powerfull intercession!
I cannot doubt successe.
*Mart.* Sir, she's at her own disposall; nor am I
Versed in the soft way of amorous courtship,
A sword, and horse have ever bin my minnions:
Yet what the privile dge of a brother, joyn'd
With honest plainenesse, way perswade her to,
Be full affur'd; shall not be wanting. So
I humbly take my leave *Exit Mart.*
*Sican.* If she consent? ———
*Duke.* She doubly sins.
*Sican.* Gainst whom? and how?
*Duke.* Heav'n and her friends.
*Sican.* Be charitable (holy father) and
Delay not your resolves!
*Duke.* Divinity not curiosity,
Made me partakers of your privacie
Whereby I h've heard your real tongue confirme
What I foreknew a truth, your ardent love
To the faire *Lucebella* ——— but alass
My pious plainenesse (should I utter what
Religion prompts me to) could not but meet
(So fragil's wilfull man) contempt and malice.
Wherefore the breath I'de thought to have employed
In satisfying your demand, I'le spend
In prayers to heav'n, that you may shun the mischiefe
Unlawfull love suggests you to, and place
Your purg'd affection on the glorious object
Fate

Fate hath provided for you.

*Sican.* Oh leave me not unſatisfi'd! to doubt,
Will more afflict my troubl'd ſoul, than all
That you can utter: and (grave Sir) ſo much
Am I an enemy to thoſe twin'd ſins you mention'd,
That what e're falls from your lips
I ſhall beleeve oraculous: be free,
In your expreſſion! whilſt I give your words,
A willing, faithfull hearing.

*Duke.* They will concerne your ſoules eternall quiet;
For he that ſeekes to ſeparate thoſe hearts
Heav'n hath united, ſins beyond all hope
Of ſweet remiſſion. Noble Sir, call backe
Your fruitleſs, cauſe miſplac'd, affection!
Forth' abſent *Duke*, and *Lucebella* have
Exchanged mutuall vowes, (which live recorded
Above the clouds) and fix your deſerv'd love
On her, that mournes for you to th' prejudice,
Of expetible health! who, priz'd below
Her worth, is ſtill her rivalls equall --- 'tis ——
Though I have no Commiſſion (but what
Our holy order bound to further good,
Doth warrant) to diſcloſe this ſecret,
Th' incomparable Princeſs *Julia* ——
But you ſeeme troubl'd?

*Sican.* Where ther's no power to helpe, reſponſive greefe,
Shewes friendly: —— But, reverend Man, your charity Deludeth

Deludeth your too facile-faith, the *Duke*
Lov'd her ignobly, which provoak'd her brother
(Tender of her dear honour) to a rage
His fathers sufferings could not tempt him to;
And drew from her an everlasting hate:
Iv'e heard their tongues confirme it.

*Duke.* But that religion bounds my ready lippes,
A killing curse would issue forth, and ceaze
Upon the cause of this foul scandall —— Sir,
The *Duke* made me familiar with his thoughts,
The thoughts most dear to him: believe't he is abus'd;
I know't.

*Sican.* I nor condemne nor justifie; yet shall
(Upon your affirmation) repute
The duke still truly noble: for the rest,
I shall with more deliberate thoughts consider,
What may be most expedient; affayres
Of so great consequence, aske not a suddaine,
But well weigh'd resolve. Father farewell! ——

*Exit Sicanio.*

*Duke.* Holy Angels guard you!
How is the goodness of a gracious Prince
Abus'd through easy-confidence? those men
Our favours most reflect on, are the first.
Revolt from their profession, and rebell
Against their second-makers: faithless Age!
Direct me heav'n in the best course, whereby,
I may repair my bleeding honour, and

O're

O're my detractours get the upper hand --- *Exit.*

*Enter Rosania and Dianetta.*

*Dian.* I tell thee seriously his importunity
Did almost weary me; and, but to promise
Success to his desires, I'de no way left
To shake him off.

*Rosan.* In faith, it may impaire your credit;
For he will brage ont'.

*Dian.* He shall have no such cause, as I intend to handle him: and see, he keepes as constant to me as my shaddow. { *To them* *Vatin.*

*Rosan.* Well, I'le leave you ——— *Exit.*

*Vatin.* Lady, why do you seeke to starve my hungry hopes.
By cruell tardity? mine is no suite in law
(Though't hath dependance in the Common Pleas)
Brookes not protraction; my desire hath
A greedy-stomack; and the quick performance
Of your past promise, only can afford
Satiety: speake then some comfort (dearest)

*Dian.* Ah ——— but my honour.

*Vatin.* An aery word, quite out of fashion

*Dian.* But then yee men are so inconstant -----

*Vatin.* Contract all hearts together, and you shall.
Find, in this one, the quintessence extracted,
Which I thus sacrifize unto your beauty ---- *kiss.*
Speake then, Lady; oh when? and where? the

happy time? the blessed place? when, Lady? oh when? and where?

*Dian.* This Evening; my lodging.

*Vatin.* Confirme it with a kiss! —— *kiss.*

*Dian.* But you'l be talking on't, to you Companions?

*Vatin.* Let me be guelded then! In such a case, I would not trust my Confessour.

*Dian.* Well, at the hour convenient, I'le send you notice
By a trusty Messenger: till when, farewell!

*Vatin* Since the engagement of your noble word.
I can not doubt performance: Lady, your hoping servant. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Julia, and Lucebella.*

*Luceb.* Madame, should I deny what you have urg'd!
My guilty tongue would speake a falsehood, that
My purer heart abhorrs: I must confess,
I love *Sicanio*; but not beyond
Those limets, which strict modesty allows
Severest Maids, or holy writ doth warrant.

*Julia.* They're too too large.

*Luceb.* I apprehend your feares: Madame, be pleas'd
To entertaine this serious truth with joy!
Although the Prince be full of merrit, and

The man, to whoſe free goodneſſe all our houſe,
So deeply ſtands engag'd; though gratitude,
And th' daily mediation of a brother,
With the authoriz'd love to my own good,
Strive to perſwade my yet unwilling heart
To meet his noble flame: the conſtant zeale
I've vow'd to your ſweet friendſhip reprehends
My too forgetfull thoughts, and challenges
A duty from me link'd with detriment,
Which, thus, I pay your virtue: I've reſolv'd
(And to that purpoſe have return'd him anſwer)
Rather to purchaſe, with my death, your peace;
Then live a Princeſs, to diſturbe your quiet.

*Julia.* Thy unexampl'd goodneſs, *Lucibella*,
Strikes me with admiration: yet begets
A thought-diſtracting doubt that makes me poor
For all the wealth of thy ſo precious love.

*Luceb.* If you ſuſpect my true ſincerity!
I will confirme it with a righteous oath,

*Julia.* Oh wrong not my beliefe? alaſs deſpaire,
Of making thee amends, 'tis true, obliges me ----
But the duke my brother muſt do that office for me.

*Luceb.* There you make me ſad -- but ——— and yet I ſhould
Be glad to ſee him: do you think the duke is well?

*Julia.* His Confeſſour hath ſo aſſur'd me; who alone,
Knows of his reſidence: beſides,
ſayes he will ſhortly come, and clare himſelfe

Of the dishonour put upon him, touching thee.

*Luceb.* Pray heav'n he may! however I forgive him *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sicanio.*

*Sicanio.* There goes the faire occasion of my soul's greese:
Poore Bankrupt Nature, woe that large expence,
Of thy rich store to prove more pittifull!
If not for mine, yet for thine owne sake beg
That thy impoverish'd stocke may be supply'd
Agen, from her, with plenty; lest after-births,
Produce deformity;
And Cytherea (thou whose tender heart
Hath sadly sob'd as mine, when a like touch'd
By cold disdaine) entreat thy tyrant son
To shew to me such mercy, as thy selfe,
In th' like necessity, expected! so
Shall thy sacred Altars smoake with incense,
Mirrhe mix'd with Myrtle berries, and the choice
Of whitest Turtles: where as Mortalls wounded,
And not regarded, growne to despaire, neglect,
Your ceremonious-rites, pull downe, and trample
On your holy Altars ——— *Exit.*

*Enter Duke and Hipolito.*

*Duke.* Y^e had a fowle soule indeed.
But son, Beware that your repentance be
More then formall; for 'tis no dallying with
Just heav'n; whose searching eye discovers all
The hidden secrets of mans heart: you may deceave

The blinded world, and your deare ſoul, but oh
The irrecoverable loſs is yours.
Therefore be ſure y' are ſerious! fate's decree
Can't be deluded by hypocriſy
*Hipol.* I cannot blame your diffidence, my life
Hath bin ſo ſinfull: but your doctrine of
Sure mercy, upon true contrition, hath
Wrought from my ſoft'ned heart a pious greefe
Will purge it from pollution-holy man,--(*Weeps.*
Theſe are no feigned droppes, but reall teares——
I've bin exceeding ſinfull, and they muſt
Fall faſter yet.
*Duke.* My fooliſh pitty, ſhould I ſtay, would tempt
My juſtice to forgive him —— *Aſide.*
Sonne, this ſorrow doth rejoyce me; yea, and heav'n.
Who's pleas'd with your converſion: I muſt attend.
The Veſpers, but my prayers ſhall ſtill waite on you.
Sonne be conſtant —— *Exit.*
*Hipol.* Elſe may I faile of mercy!
Away diſſembl'd greefe, I muſt forget you!
This Fryer's no other then his habit ſpeakes him,
Religious. I've ſounded his deep thoughts,
And find his faith firme to his Maſter: heav'n,
That I could ſay ſo of my ſelfe! ---- but 'tis too late.
No matter —— and though't be death.

To him shall blabbe the secrets of confession,
I was too rash in my communication;
A smooth insinuating tale may cut,
My secure throat, when I least dreame of danger:
Which to prevent, because, he's fit for heav'n,
I'le find him out the neerest way —— the meanes,
*Fumante.* —— so the rigour of the law,
Sends him the other way; and I rest safe:
'Tis a good plot! and a bad Age to trust
One's life, and honour in another's keeping;
And my hand in-I'le thorough-stitch with the rest
My maine Projection prospers not: her heart,
Continew's told as glaciated snow
On the bleake Euxine Promounts: nor can I
Perceive a signe of change; my rivalls are
Too powerfull —— I must forget her too--but not revenge ---
My love of late is growne ambitious,
And aimes at the faire Princess -- ha? —— that done,
(And I despaire not but it shall) I were,
Beyond the reach of malice, free from feare -*Exit.*

*Enter Vatin and an old Crone.*

*Vatin.* A message unto me requiring hasty answer?
My faire threescore- and twelve - what i'st?

*Crone.* Faire an't shall like you, but not yet full threescore till come the day of innocents, when I, and my late dead husband (peace be with his bones!)

bones!) were borne: he priz'd this face indeed and term'd it faire, and oft (full of desire) with speaking touches, would bewray his fondnesse -- thus; then in my bosome, and, nere was well but when a pidling with ——— my double chin: a kind poore fool it was! and then his lips (wearied in my due praise) would crave refreshment on the red velvet pallet of my soft cheeks, which I (kind as himselfe) must give him thus -- and thus -- which he receav'd [*kisses him.* with such voracity, that in the end it kil'd him.

*Vatin.* Another will kill me -- she hath a breath loathsomely-strong as the corrupted suncke of a dead-horse-fed-hound ——— (*Aside.* but to the matter!

*Crone.* A lass extreames in any thing are hurtfull; yet (as they say) though he is not, my widdowhood hath youthfull friends; such as not thinke my, yet passable face, and yeares contemptible ——— A Fort, cause antient, 's not to be forsooke; whilst stored with munition -- I'm able yet for service.

*Vatin.* Pike-proofe I'le warrant thee: I meane thy hide ——— (*Aside.*

*Crone.* Yea, and chaine-shot proofe too -- and may Content a reasonable man.

*Vatin.* I shall make tryall of thee: but to th' point.

*Crone.* Shall you? you'l find me mettle to the backe:

backe: and though my eyes be no twinn'd-suns, as be young *Dianetta*'s; you may see babies there, that (as they say) may take you.

*Vatin.* This palsi'd tongue will ne're lin shake-ing. (*Aside.*

*Crone.* And I dare wage the profit of my present Employment, that when, you have tri'd us both, Your selfe shall say I've pleas'd the better.

*Vatin.* A bawd I thinke.
My able faire one do you belong to *Dianetta*?

*Crone* I am the private entry through which you safely may walke unto your desires; indeed the very key that opens to successe.

*Vatin.* I apprehend you, and will be your friend:
Heeres an earnest of it.

*Crone.* The first I do accept: nor will I refuse. { *Gives money.*
The last coming from you: —— well, 'tis,
The prettiest bashfull bable, as e're man
Play'd with: she'l shew you sport ifaith: although
At first (as Maidens should) she seem'd unwilling;
Nor need I tell you how she dotes on you, this
Night will give you a full satisfaction.

*Vatin.* But how, and where?

*Crone.* Your way must be through me -- I'le be Your Convoy.

*Vatin.* With all my heart: lead on?

*Crone.* But use the youngling gently! or you may

may ſpoile her gate: which will give vild indition to ſome about the Court, as wanton as your ſelfe, and then you know her honour. ——

*Vatin.* It ſhall not looſe a graine: come let's goe.

*Crone.* They ſay, the quickly hot, are quickly coold: ——

But come —— you are even ſuch another ——

*Vatin.* Well, have a little patience, anon ——

*Crone.* Well, I conceave -- but looke you do.

*Vatin* I warrant you. *Exeunt.*

*Deſinit Actus Quartus*

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## Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke and Luceb: having diſcloſed himſelfe.*

*Duke.* THe deareſt thought within me will not dare.

T' attempt a farther ſatisfaction ——

Now (my too credulous faire) I hope you ſee,

What a Commanding power you have o're me --

Had I bin ſinfull? then ——

*Luceb.* Good Sir, no more.

This iteration but aggravates

My ſorrow; heav'n, for blacke iniquity,

Expects but true compunction: which pad,

It's

It's justice is appeas'd: then be not you
Less mercifull, neglecting these my teares,
Shed for my misbeleefe! indeed I'm now
All confidence, if you dare credit me?

*Duke.* Before an Oracle!
Then spend not so profusely those rich droppes!
The least of which is treasure to redeeme
A captiv'd king.

*Luceb.* Yet all too little to call home again a banish'd father.

*Duke.* Oh be more pittifull! and not torment
My penitent remembrance! you have read,
The inside of my soule, could you beleeve
The character? and know my new intents.

*Luceb.* With the same strength of faith you have of me, I do.

*Duke.* Enough: I am confirm'd.
Life of my joy, for a too long short season,
I must entreat your pardon; you know th' occasion.

*Luceb.* You cannot be too quick in your dispatch.
Nor yet too carefull of your person, for
The villain's made of mischeefe,

*Duke.* I'm much endebted to your carefull love

*Luceb.* You'l not forget Sir, what I urg'd for my ——

*Duke.* I guess your doubt: no,
I'le looke upon thy brother, as a brother;
As part of thee, — part of my better selfe;

He

He may have ground for his bold act, for since
*Hipolito*'s found false in one, I must suspect his faith,
In all things ——— your leave *kisses.*
I'm yet but language, therefore can but seeme
Clear'd of what charg'd with; but when next we meet
My accuser shall acquit me, and you see't ———
(*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sicania, and Leontinus.*

*Leon.* But Sir, the man that's rationall must know
Advisednesse to be a friend unto
A great designe, and patience the maine help,
Either resolve to stay her father's answer,
Embrace the princes love (by farre the fitter)
Or else hoist saile homeward.

*Sican.* Your advice comes now unseasonable:
I've eat Lotus, and cannot live but heere,
Nor love, but her.

*Leon.* Yet wisely moderate these extreames!
You perceive distemper gives occasion
Of too much liberty to the neglectfull souldier,
Which breeds in th' army inconvenience!
You came with resolution to serve
A brave deserving friend, then doe not let
A thought for your owne private end, detract
From your intended nobleness! but arme
Your royall selfe with commendable patience
Until

untill desir'd successe crown your endeavours?
'Twill ad unto your vertue.
Nor can it but be suddaine, hourely
*Pausanio* is expected, whose arrive
Will make you happy: nor have you least cause
Thus to afflict your selfe, she never yet
Having return'd deniall.
But as a sweet example of obedience,
Judgement, and modesty humbly crave respit
Till her absent father (at whose dispose she is)
Came, and consented. Good my Lord be cheerefull!
This unnecessary sadnesse makes us all droope.

*Sican.* Though't be against my humour (*Leontinus*)
You shall sway me, I know you wise, and faithfull.

*Leon.* I would be both——but look, your friends—— *To them Mart. Anso.*

*Sican. Martiano*, those unaccustom'd frowns
Speak discontent——the matter?

*Anso.* His father's slow pac'd-haste (my gracious Lord.)
Deceaving his too early expectation,
Makes him much doubt his welfare.

*Sican.* Come, come, be feareless! Fate will be more just,
Having prepar'd him so great happinesse,
Than't keep the enjoyment from him.

*Mart.* 'Tis my cheese hope; and yet it troubles

bles me.
For ſhould the Duke (and 'tis no idle feare)
Obtaine from *Genoua*, or *Naples* power,
And ſteale upon our weakn'd forces (of late
Grown careleſſe) want of his ſupply would ſtrike
A gaſh in our deſigne, and ſhrewdly puzzel us
*Sican.* Not a whit: come be your ſelfe a-gen!
We're ſtrong enough: yet ſee the idle Souldiers (*To Leon.*
Exerciſed dayly to prevent emanſions,
And keep our ſcouts abroad continually.
*Martiano*, away with all ſad thoughts,
And let's enjoy our ſelves:
*Mart.* Your highneſſe mirthfull inclinati-on
Muſt make the ſaddeſt here rejoyce
*Anſo.* 'Tis manly and becomes him.
*Sican.* Oh---- that it were not forc'd! (*aſide.*
We 're all th' invited gueſt of Lord *Hipolito*,
Let's thither and quaffe a luſty draught unto
*Pauſanio*: what iſt a match!
*All.* Moſt willingly. (*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Heare in this quiet grove, I did appoynt

*Honorio*

*Honorio* to meet me: till his approach,
Upon this flowry banke; I will repose my selfe. *To him Fum.*

*Fum.* I've tract the Fryar hither, and have swome
To kill him; but were he not a churchman,
I should not undertake him---and yet I've heard
Of some that have bin dangerous——and see how
Handsomely he's laid for my black purpose----
So lie's the harmelesse issue of the ewe
A prey for the voracious woolfe.
I could not take him better prepar'd then praying
But stay! he stirres.

*Duke.* If that my sense deceav'd me not, I heard
One speak? or 'twas the voyce the wind gave to the leaves.
*Honorio?*

*Fum.* Di' you expect company? then I must be brief. *Runs at the Duke, who with a Pistol shoots him, his Sword falls, the Duke takes it up.*
You may tell tales in th' other world, not here.

*Duke.* You are deceiv'd: I'le be as briefe as you

*Fum.* Oh---I am slaine.

*Duke.* Not yet I hope; but yet be sure you shall be!

*Fum.*

*Fum.* You cannot be ſo cruell!

*Duke.* Canſt thou expect the contrary after ſo great
A Villainy!

*Eum.* Your pious forme ſpeaks you religious,
And that is ſhewn in nothing more then mercy.

*Duke.* Then by that ſaving mercy you implore;
And th' hope you have t' obtaine it; let your breath;
(Your now expiring-breath) aid your faint tongue
In the delivery of an honeſt truth
May merrit my forgiveneſſe, and pleaſe heav'n;
Whither y' are going, if the devill doe
Not tempt you the wrong way?

*Fum.* Oh ——— *To them Honorio.*

*Hono.* What hideous groane was that?

*Fum. Honorio?* then am I ſafe ——— *(aſide.*

*Duke.* My Lord y' are opportunely come to be
A witneſſe to the true confeſſion of
This deſperate ſinner, whoſe ſick ſoul o're-charg'd
With helliſh miſchiefe thought to vent it here.
He would have murder'd me.

*Honorio.* Unheard of inſolence!

*Fum.* Leſſen your admiration! I'le anſwer the attempt.

*Duke.* Speak ſouleleſſe villaine, who ſet you on worke!

Or

Or if you have a ſoule, I'le kill that too.
*Hono.* Father, forbeare!
Leave it to me, Sir, I know a better way——— *aſide.*
The thought of death will fright him:
I feare your wound is mortall.
See how his frighted bloud flies from his face,
And leaves behind it paleneſſe! let's remove
Him to my neighbouring lodgings, where he ſhall
Want nothing that may make for his recovery.
The ayre, ſo late, is hurtfull: Father your hand—
He bleeds a freſh, and faſt: let us diſpatch———
So—So.
*Fum.* I doe begin to faint: charitable Sir, forgive me!
*Duke.* I do, and ſhall with my beſt prayers invoke
The gods forgiveneſſe for you
*Hono.* It ſhall be given out, y' have ſlaine the Fryer,
And marke the ſequel——— *Exeunt*

*Enter* Vatinus *in a waſtcoate, drawers, and night Cappe, them, and his face beſmutted.*

*Vatin.* I was never ſo abus'd ſince I was ſwadl'd, have I liv'd to th' eye of the world thus *Roſa & Diana behind the hangings.*

long

long unſpotted? and now (through my own folly) muſt appear thus beſmeared? did I 'ſcape going to the grave my laſt raſh undertaking, to be ſent up in th' ayre, like a caſ'd bladder; and let fall again that my poſteriours rebounded? then footed too, by halfe a dozen hard toe'd Raſcalls that had no more mercy then the clowns hob-nail'd Shunne have of a foot ball, when they play a match? to be toſt (like an unhappy Cat) in a foule menſtruous blanket wool'd with fleas, which the wiſe mother of the Maids, thirty yeares ſince, for her two fold accommodation, plac'd in the garret to purifie the guilded brimms of the cloſe ſtoole pan, and keep ſmalecole in, to kindle the Ladyes fire with: was that your glorious coverlid to entertaine me? curſe on the courteſie; I have had but a cold entertainment---but an ill welcome.

*Dian.* I thinke you will not brag ont.

*Vatin.* Then--which is worſe---I feare they'l turne me out of doors, thus---as I am---like one of Vulcans limping prieſts (for I am lam'd) and not ſuffer me to enjoy the private priveledges of this coole yard, ſo ſhame me to eternity---*hum*---twould be but barſh dealing.

*Dian.* Yet ſhort of your deſerving

*Vatin.* But not to be avoyded, were they reſolved? I now begin to ſee my errour, and find that ſhame ſtill followes ſin; my unfeigned ſorrow ſhall implore her pardon, for my preſum-

tuous insolence, which obtain'd, I have done courting.

Think what we will of women, this I find
They may be truly vertuous, yet seeme kind----

*Enter Rosa. Dianetta.*

*Rosania.* They may, *Vatinius*: and I am glad of your conversion.

*Dianetta* hath o'ce heard your penitential lamentation, and is content not only to forgive, but to forget what ever's past---provided, you be serious, and not fall agen to your abusive trade 'gainst Ladies.

*Vatin.* I've had too much of it Lady.
Let my now reall griefe, with your forgivenesse
Gaine your more charitable opinion.
For when I prove other than th' admirer
Of your chast selfe, and all your virtuous sex,
May my disgrace be publish'd and I
Live and dye scorn'd.

*Dian.* Sir, I freely do forgive you,
Heere take again your charmelesse Jewels and hereafter
Be more carefull of your owne, and others honour!

*Rosa.* Nay, since y' have wrought so great a cure they'r
Well deserv'd.

*Vatin.* Pray keep 'em, as the sacrifice of my conversion!

*Dian.* Their worth my thanks, Sir,

In

In the next Roome a Fire waits on you——
*Exeunt Rosa. Dianetta.*

*Vain.* I must remaine your humble Convert.
And now I doe believe there are some
Honest women (*Exit.*

*Enter Julia, and Lucebella.*

*Julia.* Not goe to th' banquet, deareſt friend, the cauſe?
*Luceb.* There is a ſadneſs hath uſurp'd my breſt
That mirth can ne're remove: I am unfit
For company, nor would I ſee the Prince.
*Julia.* I know the motive of this melancholy,
And now will give you ſpeedy remedy;
If that the ſad remembrance of your late
voluntary kindneſſe, thus afflict you?
Take back againe your killing courteſie!
Purſue with an unenvi'd freedome.
Your begun love! I did but try thy friendſhip;
Nor would I buy the greateſt terreſtriall comfort
At the deare rate of thy thoughts leaſt diſturbance.
No, *Lucebella*, live and love the Prince!
And may the powers divine perpetuate
Each others loves reciprocation,

Till arme in arme, yee soare up unto heav'n,
And, there, fix glorious starres! If angry death,
(For that I rob'd him of a greater purchase)
To cross your happiness, send you the sad news
Of my cold stay with him; bring, to my grave
One friendly sigh, and a religious drop,
And, on it, they'l create aspiring perfumes, which
Will usher me the readiest way unto Elizium ----
Thy hand --- and now farwell!

*Luceb.* Stay, thou sweet miracle of perfect friendship!
And may divinity whisper unto thy soul
What I shall speake is truth!
If penitence for th' resignation of
*Sicanio*'s love to you, or the least thought
Of him, doth greeve me? may eternall shame
Blast all my better hopes!

*Julia.* What infidell, but would beleeve thee?

*Luceb.* It will alike perturb your brest, when you
Shall heare the story, which I'm engag'd to tacitize.
For a set season; but e're long (with safety) I may give you satisfaction: meane time I'le wait upon you to the Lord *Hipolito*'s; and promise to be merry.

*Julia.* Y' have made me sad too;
But wee'l endeavour to overcome it ---- *Exeunt.*

A

*A banquet preparing with loud Muſick. Then enter Hipolito, and Honor: whiſpering and Sican. Mart. Leont. and Auſonius.*

*Hipolito.* I'm ſorry for the untimely death of the good fryer, and for the villaines flight, that flew him, whom my impartiall juſtice ſhould have made a terrible example for prevention of like impiety.

*Honorio.* He worthily deſerv'd it --- *Exit Hono.*

*Hipol.* Sir, there's your ſeate.
Come Gentlemen (t'a void ſuperfluous Ceremoney)
Each place himſelfe!

*Auſonius.* 'Tis a commendable freedome, I hate this idle complement. *Enter Ladies.*

*Hipol.* But yone's the glory of the Banquet.
Lady's yee greatly honour me; and bring.
The beſt ſweets with yee ——— pleaſe ye ſit? ——— *All Set.*
Were the duke heere, the table were compleat?

*Sican.* At nameing of the duke, how her glad bloud
Sprange in her cheekes, and there imprinted, left. *Aſide.*
Her hearts true meaning viſible —— ſhe loves him.

*Hipol.* Your Grace is ——— (*To Sicanio.*
ſad ont'h ſuddaine.

Give me a boule of wine! and see't go round ---
Ist't done as we commanded? ——— *To the Cup Bearer.*

*Cup Bearer.* It is my Lord; and temper'd handsomely.

*Hipol.* Unto the Princes health, and hers whom most
His royall thoughts ——— *Drink and flourish.*
now honour.
Heer's that will expell sadnes: fill to the Prince! *Brings another Boule flourish.*
*Sican.* Madame to you ---- To *Julia.* *Enter duke as himselfe, and Hono.*
Sir I freely pledge you.

*Duke.* Hold, noble Sir, here can be nought but treason.

*Cup Bearer.* How knowes he that ---- *Aside.*

*Hipol.* The duke ——— what divell brought him hither?
My royall Master ——— how am I blest? ———
I now was wishing for you, and good heav'n.
Hath heard my pray'rs, and sent you: oh let me kiss
That royall hand.

*Duke.* A way impostour! *Honorio*, do your office! *Take in the banquet and put forth the barre.*

*Hono. Hipolito*, I do arrest you for high treason.

*Hipol.* I obey; and do desire no other sessions
Then this brave assembly.

*Duke.* 'Tis granted. *Hipol.*

*Hipol.* Now —— who be my Accuſers?
*Duke. Padre Stephano*; to whom you did confeſs
The wronges your miſcheefe plotted 'gainſt *Pauſanio.*
*Hipol.* His mouth was timely ſtop'd, he'l blabb no more *Aſide.*
*Duke.* And more —— by gifts, and promiſes you thought,
To tempt his loyalty to reveale the place
Of my abode, with full intent ſo murder me,
And to uſurpe the *dukedome*, then marry *Lucebella*:
Can you acquit your ſelfe?
*Hipol.* Yes, of all he can accuſe me with.
*Duke.* Summon the fryer to appear!
(*Exit Hono.*
*Hipol.* I feare him not till domeſday --- *Aſide.*
*Duke.* Sir, I'm now too full of thoughts
T'expreſſe your deſerv'd better welcome, or
Apollogize to this my abus'd juſtice injur'd,
Er'e long ſhall I do both; in th' interim
I do entreat your patience to heare
This accus'd man acquit himſelfe: for me,
I dare not ſtay the tryall, I once lov'd him,
And yet retaine much ſoftneſs ---- *Exit Duke.*
*All.* Wee all rejoyce for your ſo ſafe returne.
*Auſonius.* I ever told you what't would come to.
*Mart.* Well, be not yet too confident!
*Luceb.* 'Twas only that, by all our friendſhip!
I heard

The frier was dead.

*Julia.* I am satisfi'd.

*Sicanio.* My Lord, the hope I have of your integrity.

Forbids me sorrow, till I see just cause:
It is no scandall to be charg'd with treason,
But to be prov'd a Traitour.

*Hipol.* I not expect least favour, but referre
My cause to righteous heav'n: if I be found
Guilty of what charg'd with; let justice
Spare no punishment, I've merited
The lawe's extreamest rigour { *Enter Duke, Hono. Fumante.*

*Sicanio.* The frier is come,

*Hipol.* Death to my soule! ist possible? *Fumante* too?
Then I am lost.

*Mart.* It was reported you were slaine, and by *Fumante.*

*Duke.* That rebell to religion so decreed it,
But heav'ns preventing hand put by the blow.
And we both live to witness against him.

*Cup Bearer.* And I.

*Hipol.* Still mischeefe upon mischeefe: how the divell ——— *Aside.*
When most we need him, faulters with us.

*Cup Bearer.* Nay't shall out, my conscience torments me.
This purse of gold hyer'd me to a treason.
Will strike your soules with terrour, when yee heare't. All but the Princess, and himselfe, (had not

not the *Duke* Inſpir'd from heav'n come in) I
ſhould have ſent, To death's cold tenements,
with a draught of wine, commix'd with a ſtrange
drug would not have wrought
In eight daies after, that the blinded world,
Might have imputed your untimely ends,
T' exceſs of wine.

*Mart.* Horrid, and damnable!

*Hipol.* I doe confeſs 'twas I that wrong'd *Pauſanio*,
That would have ſlaine the *duke*, betray'd your plot,
Poiſon'd the Prince, you, your ſiſter, and the reſt,
And all for *Lucebella's* ſcorne, nor do I greeve.
For ought but that I cannot have revenge upon
Thoſe villaines have betray'd me unto ſhame.

*Mart.* Inſolent divell, wee'l have thee flea'd alive

*Hipol.* I muſt not die alone - the law condemnes
The body of that father to the fire,
That ſhall divulge the ſecrets of confeſſion;
And I glory in my revenge.

*Sicanio.* My heart bleeds for the good old man.

*Duke.* Sir, ſpare that needleſs ſorrow!
For now I ſee the miſchevous intents
Of that blood thirſty-ſinner, know 'tis I
(Through th' meanes of that good Lord) am your preſerver. *Pulls off his diſguize.*

*Julia.* My royall Brother.

*Hipol.* Earth open me a living-grave may hide
Me, and my guilt! elſe my high ſwolne heart
Break

Break op'e my breſt, and find one!

*Duke.* Your expectation's fruſtrated: I am no frier.

*Hipol.* 'Tis vaine to hope for mercy,

*Duke.* Pinnion him faſt! and locke him up in darkneſſe!

His execution we deferre untill
*Pauſanio* be arriv'd, in hope that heav'n
Will give him yet repentance

*Hipol.* Beyond my hopes —— *Exit guarded.*

*Duke. Fumante*, as for your ignorant attempt 'gainſt us,
We reconfirme our promis'd pardon: but,
For your perjur'd teſtimony againſt
The moſt abus'd of men th' old Generall,
Condemne you the juſt ſumme of fifty thouſand dukets.
To be pay'd *Pauſanio*: *Hipolito*'s eſtate
Shall make the ſatisfaction more compleat;
And during life confine you to your living in the Countrey.

*Fuman.* Your gracious roy'all Sir, as juſt—— (*Exit.*

*Duke.* And for that you conſented to this miſcheefe,
We baniſh you the Court; and give your hier
To make a holy Challice----- *Exit Cup-Bearer.* for the Altar,
Nor doubt we of your pardon ſince it lies
Within our power to make yee (*To Mar and Luc.* faire amends. For

For you (brave Sir) your great engagement
to *To Sicanio.*
*Pansanio*, and th' justice of his cause.
Pleads your excuse for breach of Covenant,
Y' are still a friend to *Florence*: nor repent
That I'm acquainted with your brest, we will
Continew friendly rivalls, only pass
Our Princely words so stand to what her father
Shall freely give consent to.
*Sican.* I agree —— and yet that Lady——
But love's deafe, well as blind. *Aside.*
*Souldier.* To armes (great Sir) not farre off we
descry. *Enter a souldier.*
Bright shining-troupes, bravely marching for-
ward.
*Duke.* More discontent?
*Mart.* Souldier, ther's a reward ---- It is my
father.
Be not dejected, Sir! oh sister now our joyes are
ripe
I'le forth, and meete him.
*Sicanio.* We will along --- with you. } *Exeunt Sican. Mart. Ans: Leon.*
*Duke.* Whil'st we prepare to give him royall welcome, } *Souldier.*
Oh *Lucebella*, let not thy remembrance.
Looke backe at what is part! for then ——
*Lucebella.* All's buried in oblivion.
*Duke.* Confirme it with the seale of mercy; a
kind kiss! [*Kiss.*

The

The gods had their *Nepenthe* from theſe lips.
Sifter I am familiar with your feares,
But know *Sicanio*'s full of worth: forget 'em!
*Julia.* Since you are ſafe, and my friend once more happy,
I cannot feare.
*Luceb.* Nor ſhall you have leaſt cauſe: I know the worſt
And am reſolv'd t' embrace it.
*Duke.* Thou art all vertue (*Exeunt.*

Beat a ſoft March within, then enter *Pauſanio*, *Sebaſtiano*-diſguiz'd, and Company of Souldiers, and paſs over the Stage.

*Enter Sicanio, Mart. Leon. Auſo. and as they enter, Souldiers ſurprize them as in an Ambuſcado.*

*Souldier.* Y' are fairely caught.
*Mart.* What treachery is this?
*Souldier.* No treachery, but a tolerable tricke
Allow'd in warre; ye muſt along with us.
*Auſo.* Cowards, and villaines.
*Souldier.* This rage will do no good (*Exeunt.*

March continues, *Panſanio* *And his company re-enter.*

*Pauſanio.*

*Pauſanio.* Sound a Parley! Ho? from the Walls? (*Duke. Julia. Luceb. Roſa. Diana, above as on the Walls.*

*Duke.* Whom doth my glad eyes looke upon--
*Pauſanio?*

*Lucebel.* Father.

*Pauſanio.* I am that wronged *Pauſanio*, whoſe ſoft heart
(Joyfull to ſee my perſecutor) melts
It ſelfe to womanniſh profuſeneſs.

*Duke.* Wee'l haſte to thy imbraces——
(*They deſcend.*

*Lucebella.* Dear father make me happy in your bleſſing?

*Pauſa.* Beſt comfort to my age, ariſe! and heaven
Look favourably on thee! thou retain'ſt
(My Girle) thy wonted ſweetneſſe
In deſpite of grief.

*Luceb.* Next to good heav'n,
The thanks belong unto the Princeſſe.

*Pauſa.* Oh let me kiſſe that bounteous hand! my heart
Was never proud, but when it did you ſervice

*Duke.* My nature 's not to do thus, but in anſwer
Of ſuch deſerving drops, mine eyes raine tears---
Oh my *Pauſanio*, be kind, and pardon
The errour of my blinded juſtice; heav'n

Can

Can witnesse with me, that my will's untainted

*Pausanio.* I must believe it; I had a legal tryall,
And by suborn'd witnesse, was condemn'd
To undeserv'd death; but then your mercy
Stepp'd betweene, and sav'd me: whereas (had you
Desir'd my end) I had unjustly dy'd
And yet 'it had appear'd justice ——— I am still
Your loyal humble subject ——— (*kneels*

*Duke.* Rather the better halfe of my deare soul! rise!
But where's our loving kinsman? he is wronged too?

*Pausa.* I left him heere; since, have not heard of him
Nor have I brought this power to encrease
But to suppresse rebellion ———
Where is that enemy to vertue? I dare not
Call him, Son.

*Luceb.* The Prince, and he went both to meet you. } *Enter* Sicanio. *Mart. Auso.*
*Souldier.* Heere's our best booty Sir, } *Leon. as Prisoners.*

*Pausa.* Free 'um!
In you (Royal young Man) 'twas nobleness
T' attempt your injur'd friend's releasement;
For which my gratefull soul shall dayly pay

Your

Your vertue tributary-thanks. In him
'Twas monſtrous impiety : thy rebellious
bloud
Never had birth from theſe pure vaines. I do
Diſclaime all intereſt in thee ; and begge
The ſentence of the Law may paſſe on him.
*Duke.* Oh that were too unnaturall : conſider
It was his filiall love to your wrong'd ſelfe
Provoke'd him to't.
*Pauſanio.* The naturall love of father never
ſhould
Make him forget the pious zeale he owes
His lawfull Prince ; obedience, loyaltie
Are the ſweet perfumes penetrate the skye :
Like it, no ſacrifize ſuch welcome finds
'Moung the celeſtial dwellers ; nor than mutiny
And ſtiffe-neck'd diſobedience, any crime
More ſtrictly puniſh'd : what though injury
Plotted my banniſhment ? (patience virtue!)
He knew my ſpotleſſe faith was purely free
From foule contaminating treachery,
And ſhould with equall patience have ſmil'd
On my ſad ſufferings, intereſted in
My harmeleſſe Innocence ſucceeding time
(The aged ſire of vennerable Truth)
Had then on the ſwift wings of low'd tongu'd
fame

fame,
Hurri'd his worth through the wide world; no mouth
Have mention'd his bare name, but with a kind
Of reverence, due to such a sonne, and subject
Whereas now (fallen from the virtue he profess'd
He lives (in spight of death) a cankered staine
To all posterity. Those numerous tongues,
That might, in emulation of his merit,
Have truly bin employed, will now as justly
Brand him with name of Traytor------ Bastard O my blond (*kneels.*
*Mart.* Sir.
*Pausanie.* Bends thy disloyal knee in hope of pardon?
Can such impiety meet with mild mercy, or in
Earth, or heav'n? no, no, the gods are just
And thou hast lost thy hope of both.
*Mart.* Of neither, Sir:
The Duke is made of gentle pitty, and
Upon my true contrition, hath forgiven
The errour of my suppos'd duty, for which grace
Prostrated thus ——— I humbly kiss his feete!-----

And

And for my foule fault in the eye of heav'n,
My penitentiall tears will purge all guilt
And make me a pure ſacrifize for their
Sweet mercy.

*Duke. Martiano*, riſe! you have our favour,
Be worthy of it! your youth hath had its ſwinge
But your now-better'd-judgement I hope will counſel
Your ſtout heart to execute, onely, what's noble.

*Martiano.* My honeſt actions ſhall hereafter ſpeak
My ſoul's intentions.

*Pauſa.* Well, the gods forgive thee! and now I turne
Petitioner, and muſt not be denyed.

*Duke.* Command our Dukedome!

*Pauſanio.* I only ask the life of my accuſer; that he may have
A longer time to make his peace with heav'n.

*Duke.* Go call him forth!——— (*Exit Hono.*

*Sicanio. Pauſanio*, you muſt reſolve one doubt:
The *Duke*, and I are rivals in our love
To your faire daughter, yet are both engag'd
To ſtand to your election.

*Pauſanio.* Then I beſtow her heere: I've heard the *Duke* I Lov'd

Lov'd her ignobly (though I know the contrary) *Gives her unto the Duke,*
And twill but take the scandall from her virtue--
To make her this amends. ———

*Duke.* The which I do most willingly: and in my prayers----
I'le hourely bless the gods for this--- ---s
My so great happinesse -------

*Pausanio.* I heare the Princess loves you, who deserves *To Sicanio.*
A greater fortune then the earth affords;
Cherrish it, worthy Sir.

*Duke.* I see y' are full of thoughts: heere ---- I resigne my right in *Lucebella*; not that I am weary of my happiness, but choose, rather, to suffer nobly; then have lou'd *Chronicles* report I us'd a stranger prince discourteously. Take her!

*Julia.* Heaven put better thoughts --- in him. *Aside.*

*Sicanio.* I may receave with honour, now; what I before refus'd. I thankfully accept her---- but, as freely, do
Returne her ——— and may peace,
Waite on your blest Conjunction! ----heere's my choice,
If, Madam, you consent? ——— *To Julia.*

*Duke.* Her blushes do confirme, whether too modest
Tongue is loath to utter. ——— *kisses.*

*All.* The Gods shewre downe their choysest Blessings

Bleſſings on yee!

*Sica. Julia.* Wee thank yee.

*Duke.* Her dowery ſhall be anſwerable to her deſcent. ——— *Enter Hip. Hono.*

*Roſania.* Since things go thus ſucceſs full, Madam I hope
We alſo have your leave? heere comes my choice.

*Julia.* Yee have, and joy between yee!

*Hon. Roſa.* We humbly thank your Grace.

*Duke.* Lady, wee 're glad y' have choſe ſo w ſely.
*Hipolito*'s late honours we ——— *To Honorio.* conferre on you!
You muſt be deare to us 't was he that brought
Theſe obſcur'd truths to light.

*Pauſanio. Honorio*, you were ever an honeſt reall friend.

*Hono.* And ſo will dye.

*Hipolito.* If a black ſoule, purg'd from its ſinfull filth
By penitentiall ſorrow, more then hopes
For glorious Paradice? I'le not deſpair,
Of your forgiveneſs.

*Pauſa.* The pardon I would aske heav'n for my ſelfe
I wiſh to you, and heartily forgive you.

*All.* So we do all, and joy in your contrition,

*Duke.* Your honours are beſtow'd, but wee'l provide for you.

*Hipol.* He's only truly happy who is good,

Not who is great: goodneſs, and greatneſs like
knowne enemies, do rarely meet:
In th' umble valley, better be a ſhrubb
With ſecure peace, then, on th' aſpiring top
Of a proud hill, a Cedar, ſtill expos'd
To certaine danger. Beauty, honour, wealth,
My quondam friends, whil'ſt I affected folly,
For ever I renounce yee: pious virtue,
(Who, whilſt I knew yee, was a ſtranger to me)
Since hath taught me, that y' are (at beſt) but aire
Vaniſh'd, before enjoy'd: the foule corruption,
My unſtay'd youth ſuck'd in at Court, prayers
And ſad teares diſtill'd from true repentance,
Shall waſh away: the remnant of my ſpan
I'le ſpend religiouſly; my hourely votes,
For your proſperities, I'le daily, duly -- pay
To gracious heav'n: this habit ſhall inveſt me { *Puts on a Friers weed.*
One poore petition,
Though undeſerv'd, vouchſafe to grant, the laſt
I meane to beg: my new borne virtue give
life to, through your rememberance! former ills
Bury in kind oblivion! that my name
May live unblemmiſh'd, in deſpite of---- ſhame. *Exit.*

*Duke.* I doubt not but his fall
Hath raiſd his ſoul to heav'n.

*Sebaſtiano.*

*Sebastiano.* Be sure yee be *To the souldiers.*
in readiness! ——
Y' have allmost made a faire conclusion,
Yet I have power to change the { *Sebas. & souldiers fall on, and disarme them.*
the Sceane. ——
Were I revengefull?

*Duke.* What meanes this progedie?

*Sebastiano.* Read in this (*Discovers himselfe.*
face! ——

*Pausanio.* So many months together yet not know
The friendly part'ner in my sufferings?
Worthy Sir, pardon my ignorance!

*Duke.* Our noble kinsman?

*Sebastiano.* That late dispis'd-Sebastian —— but no more;
*Hipolito*'s confession hath clear'd all doubts.
This act was only to express my loyalty:
Had I bin thirsty for your bloud, or state,
To make me great, and *Lucebella* mine?
This minute might effect it —— but, thus low *kneeles.*
Humbl'd, I do confess my selfe your highnesse zealous
Subject.

*Duke.* Our happiness is now compleat ——
Let me engrafft thee on my { *Rises, Salutes.*
soule! —— { *The Ladies,*
But Cousen how joynd you with *Pausanio*,
Yet he unknowne to you, untill this instant!

*Sebastiano.*

*Sebastiano.* I heard of his abode at Naples, whether
( When I had newes of his bold sonne's revolt)
I went to get you ayd, and from the king
Obtayn'd it: *Pausanio* (defireous
To manifeft his faith unto your Majefty.
In this intended fervice 'gainft his fonne)
Sought for Command: I (knowing his intents
Well as his vallour after conference)
Gave him the Gennerall's place (although my becke
Commanded the whole army) yet kept my felfe
Secret in this difguife, till I fhould fee
The finall end, with which I'm now made happy.
And may your now rifing joyes never know Set!

*Duke.* Amen to that! once agen,
My noble Couſen, forgive my rafh beleefe!
Great ones, by this example, plaine may fee
There can no fafety come of flattery.
Now hafte we to the conſummation of
Our Nuptiall rites!
Thoſe joyes, cull'd out of danger, are moſt ſweet,
Let us bleſs heav'n they thus concent'rd-meet.

FINIS.